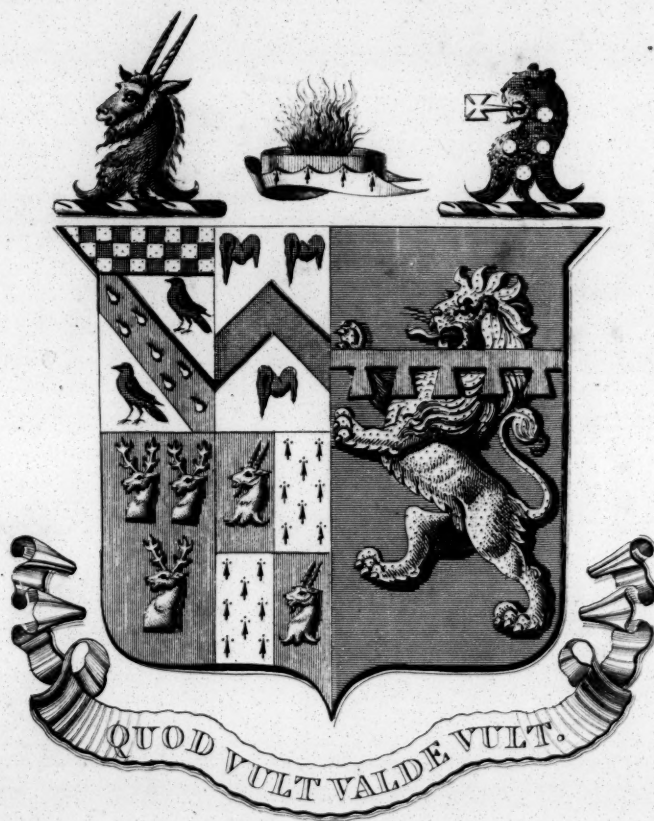




J. C. Mansel-Pleydell.

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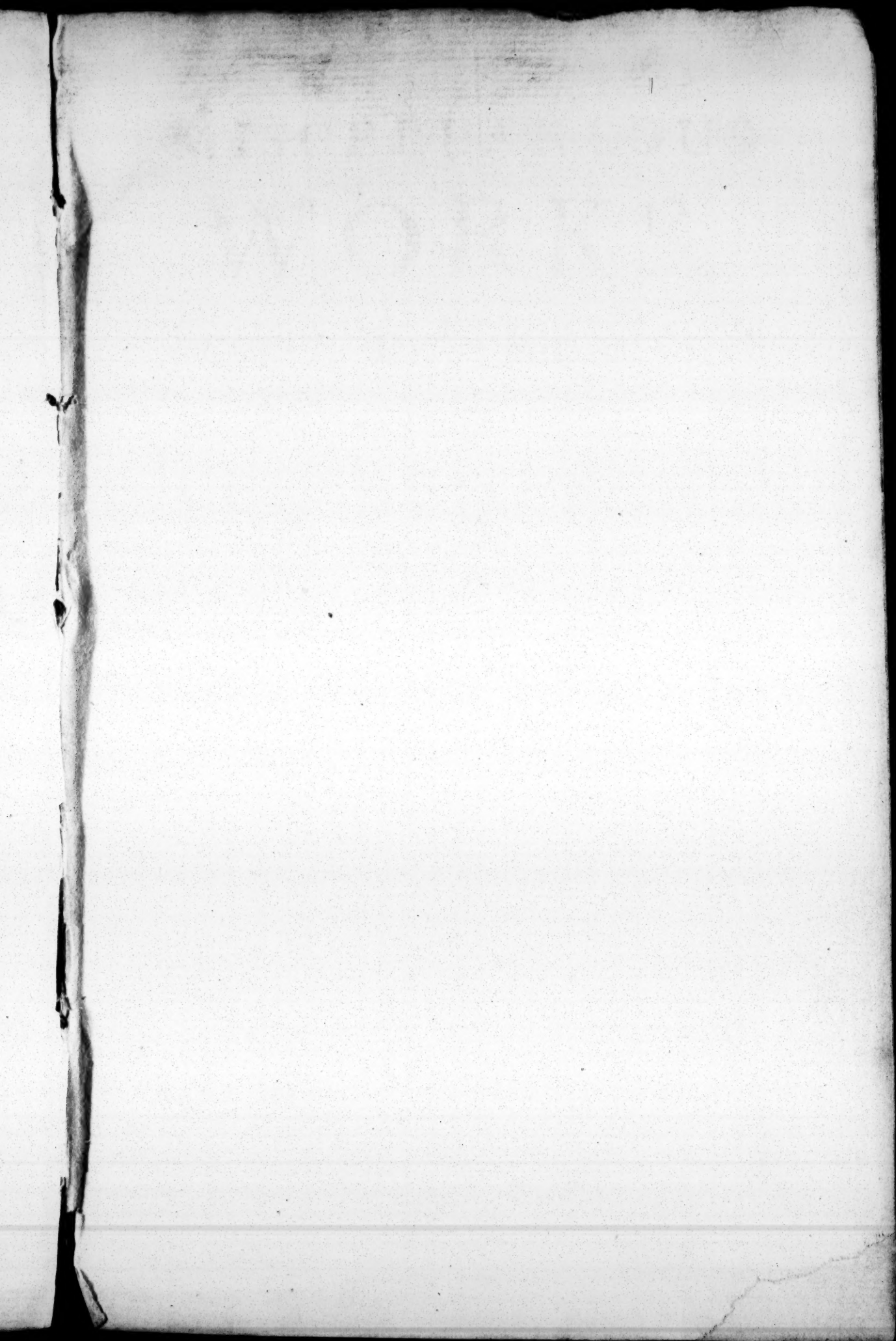
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Amen

By Saml Boyse

Harding C 2064

76





Anne Playdell
MISCELLANEOUS
WORKS,

Serious and Humorous:

IN
VERSE and PROSE.

DESIGN'D

For the Amusement of the FAIR SEX.

Tenerorum Lufor Amorum.

Let them censure : what care I?
The Herd of Criticks I defie.
Let the Wretches know, I write
Regardless of their Grace, or Spight.
No, no : the Fair, the Gay, the Young
Govern the Numbers of my Song.
All that They approve is sweet:
And All is Sense, that They repeat.

READING:

Printed by *J. Carnan*, and Sold by *R. Ware*,
at the *Bible and Sun* in *Warwick-lane*, *London*; *J. Newbery*, at
the *Bible and Crown* in the *Market-place*, *Reading*; and
J. Wimpey, on the *Bridge* in *Newbury*. MDCCLII.

MISCELLANEOUS

WORKS

Scientific and Humorous

BY ALFRED



Author of the "The Great

and the

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To the FAIR SEX.

LADIES,



It is expected from every One that appears in Print, that he should give some Account of *Himself*, and his *Works*: And, I know, you pretty Ladies love to *know All*.

For myself, Ladies ----- I assure you, it is not *now*, (if *ever*.) worth your knowing, whether I am a *black* Man or *fair*, *tall* or *short*, *good temper'd* or a *Churl*: So I'll wave this Point; and the more willingly, because a Man can never *say too little of Himself*.

A 2

And

iv *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

And I will not detain you with a long formal Story concerning the ensuing *Pieces*. Know thus much in brief-----that they were *mostly* the Compositions of my more Juvenile Years, the Trifflings of my idle Hours: That they have been scatter'd up and down in the publick Papers, in no very advantageous Dress: And that chiefly for this Reason, I have collected them, trim'd them up a little, and added a few new ones to fill up this little Volume, which I humbly offer to the Candour of the Fair Sex. I hope, Ladies, you will *all* find *something* to *please*; and *none* of you *any* thing to *offend*. I have not without Reason, Ladies, chosen you to be my *Patroneses*: For such is your *gentleness*, that you know how to pardon an Error; and such your Influence over the *Male* World,

The Epistle Dedicatory. v

World, that you can win them over
into Favour and Applause.

Now, Ladies, I have only to say something *pretty* in your Praise, and then (like a true modern Dedicator) I shall acquit myself in a plausible Manner. And what a glorious Field have I here to expatiate in! With what Delight do I enter upon so pleasing a Task! How can I glory (and glory I will) that I have for my Patrons the loveliest, fairest, Part of the Creation! Other Dedicators are forc'd to *flatter*, and dress up their Patrons with *borrow'd Honours*. But here, Ladies, there is no *need*, there can be no *room*. In *You* is united the bright Collection of all that is amiable, all that is charming. How might I adorn my Page with the shining Description, and crowd into it a thousand Gems, all your Beauties of

B 3

Body,

vi *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

Body, your Graces of Mind! Your Eyes!
Lips! Cheeks! Mein! Air! Voice!
Shape! &c. &c. &c. Numberless o-
ther Elegancies! But to be *particular*
here, would be---to be *endless*; and I
should want room to assure You, that
I am,

Ladies,

Your most devoted,

and most obedient,

Humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.



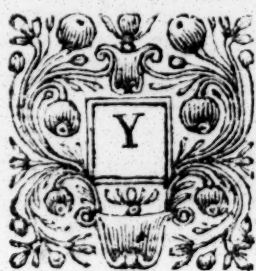
Miscellaneous,



Miscellaneous Works, &c.

To LALIA.

MADAM,



YOU were very urgent with me t'other Day to give you my Thoughts upon Love. I wou'd not pretend to inform a young Lady of your Experience at this time of Day; yet would testify my Readiness to obey your gentle Impositions. A dry Discourse, I know, will not go down with your gay Temper; I cannot therefore better answer your Desires than by presenting you with a Scrap of Poetry; which please to accept, as follows.

On LOVE.

LOVE is an *Ocean* vast, immense! where *sails*
A num'rous Croud, and *Fortune* plays the *Gales*.
Sweetly *serene* it's *Waves* salute our Eyes;
But vex't with *Storms*, in dreadful *Surges* rise:
Deluded, we the fair Temptation try,
Thoughtless what Horrors in it's treach'rous
(Bosom lye.
To

To diff'rent Views, our diff'rent *Course* we *steer*;
 That way leads *Love*, and *Lucre* draws us here:
 For oft vile *Avarice* lurks in *Love's* soft Guise;
 The noblest Passion cloaks the meanest Vice.

THESE the bright Confines of the rising Sun
 Attract, like him, their daily Tour to run.
 Zealous they pay their due Returns of Praise,
 And joy to bless the Influence of his Rays;
 With fervent Duty their Devotions pour,
 And *Persian-like*, the radiant Pow'r adore.

THOSE seek for Wealth in *India's* sooty Soil,
 And drudge and sweat beneath the sultry Toil;
 Base, slavish Souls! who dig the golden Oar;
 Made Wretches, to encrease their fordid Store.

WHILE to the North's inhospitable Coasts,
 Midst the sharp Rigours of eternal Frosts,
 Some joyless steer (so *Love*, and *Fate* wills so)
 Thro' Seas of Ice and frozen Wilds of Snow.

UNHAPPY Mortals! led thro' all Extreame,
 For Beauty's painted Shades, or Honour's
 (golden Dreams.

BUT now my Hand is in, Madam, I must
 not let you go so without some Application of
 the foregoing Allegory.

On several OCCASIONS.

9

(1)

LoST in the boundless *Seas* of Love,
Bereft of kind Relief,
By the unfriendly Pow'rs above
Toft to and fro I wildly rove
On *Waves* of endless Grief.

(2)

BUT oh! my *Lalia*, heav'nly Fair,
Be thou my gentle Guide;
Shine with propitious Light, bright *Star*;
Conducted by thy tender Care,
I stem the rapid *Tide*.

(3)

THY benign Influence then display,
Th' unhappy Wand'rer save:
For once depriv'd of thy kind Ray,
In Shades of black Despair I stray,
And perish in the *Wave*.

MADAM, I return you my Thanks for giving me this Opportunity to serve you: And whenever you shall please to impose fresh Commands, the Obligation shall lie upon

Your humble Servant.

Reflections

Reflections on private D E F A M A T I O N :

Occasion'd by an accidental Visit to my Lady
TATTLE.

AT my Return t'other Day from my Lady *Tattle's* (for her Ladyship does me the Honour of her Notice) I mounted my Garret with an unusual Lightness, and having plac'd myself on my little Tripod, with a Farthing-candle by me, my favourite Cat sprung forward to me with eager Joy, and greeted my Arrival with a purring Song. Charm'd with the grateful Tribute of my fond little Subject, I look'd round the peaceful Borders of my petty Kingdom, and survey'd my small Treasures, a few select Authors, with such Complacency and serene Delight, as is unknown to sceptred Monarchs amidst all the Splendors of their gilded Palaces. At once my Heart began to dilate, and a sudden Tide of Joy rush'd in upon me, and swell'd to such Size my little Breast, that no longer containing the rapturous Extacy, I burst out into the following Soliloquy.

“ WELCOME, thrice welcome, thou blissful Retreat, my Garret! Aërial Seat, high-raised above the Notice of what passes below among the giddy Croud. Here secluded from the noisy World, I pass my happiest, sweetest Moments in the noble Researches of Wisdom
and

On feveral OCCASIONS. II

and Truth. And you my dear Authors, thrice welcome to my Soul! My *Cicero*, and *Seneca*, my *Boyl*, and *Locke*; my *Sherlock*, and *Tillotson*; and ye whole illustrious Tribe of Philosophers and Divines! Hail sweet Companions and wise Directors of my Life! Companions that administer Pleasures unmix'd with Pain and Guilt; and Counsellours that advise without Treachery and Deceit. With you conversing I charm away the Cares of Life, and sooth my Soul into calm and repose. Welcome too, sweet artless Animal, thou pretty little Droll of Nature, whose quaint Airs and unaffected Gambols divert my leisure Hours from the Labours of the Mind, and afford an agreeable Scene of innocent Entertainment."

THE Rise of these Reflections was owing, as I observ'd, to an accidental Visit to my Lady. Her Ladyship has a natural Vivacity of Temper, a Fluency of Speech, with a ready Turn of Wit. Furnish'd with these winning Accomplishments of a sprightly Genius, how much might she contribute (did she innocently employ them) to enliven Conversation, and heighten the Pleasures of Society! But on the contrary, as if Nature had supply'd her with these shining Talents only for Mischief, and to be a Scourge to Mankind, the Edge of her Wit is turn'd upon all her Acquaintance, and whole Hecatombs of Characters fall a Sacrifice to her Pride, and bleed beneath the Wounds of her virulent Tongue. There is something
even

even in the most Spotless and Unblamable that affords her Matter of Scoff and Ridicule. Thus Virtue itself is unhappily put on the same Footing with Vice, and is equally subject to the Laſhes and Cenſures of Scandal and Defamation; there is only this mortifying Difference between them, Virtue bluſhes, is abaſh'd, is ſtabb'd to the Heart; while Vice looks bold, grins un-aſham'd, and wards off the Wound with a well-arm'd Front of Braſs.

BUT to return to her Ladyſhip.——She is the daily Poſt of all that paſſes in the Neighbourhood, which ſhe publiſhes to the World in the blackeſt Characters. She looks upon herſelf as a Woman of Importance; but in the Eyes of the World, ſhe is frivolous, impertinent, and vain. She is careſs'd (as ſhe thinks) at every Houſe ſhe haunts; but is in reality hated, deteſted, deſpis'd: And what outward Reſpect and Honours are paid her, is (as the Worſhip paid by the *Indians* to the Devil) to avert her Malice, and prevent the miſchievous Effects of her malignant Power. Thus are Witches treated with Civility for Fear of the black Spells of their evil Tongues.

I HAD no ſooner paid my Devoirs, and was well ſeated, but immediately I was regal'd with the uſual Flouriſhes of her Wit. Ten thouſand Characters were torn in pieces, and the Reputations of whole Families havock'd with a general Maſſacre. You may well imagine, I was all this time upon the Rack. There
was

was nothing but Ruin, Destruction, and Desolation. I wish'd myself well out of this House of Slaughter. Immediately I froze, shuddered, grew Pale. When lucky for me, my Lady observ'd it. I reply'd, it was a sudden shivering Fit; that I fear'd it boded me no good; so begg'd to be excus'd; took my Leave; and escap'd. Not half the Joy feels the poor Sparrow, that has just freed itself by some lucky Accident from the Talons of the Hawk; nor exults so much the little Mouse, that has made his Escape from the Cat's Paw.

FROM whence can proceed so detestable a Practice, that Man commences a Foe to Man, and adds to the common Heap of the Calamities of Life? Whence is it, that this poisonous Viper, this fashionable Vice, is so harbour'd and cherish'd in almost every Breast? Has not Nature divided to us sufficient Ills, but we must study to aggravate each other's Grief? Deprav'd State! Unhappy Lot of Mortals!

THE chief Motives, that occur among many others, are Pride and Ignorance: Pride that pulls down it's Superiors to it's own Level, in order to raise itself upon their Ruins; and Ignorance, which indeed is the Food of Pride; for Pride lives and flourishes upon Nothing. The liberal Sciences, and a diligent Cultivation of the Mind wou'd in a great Measure root out the spreading Weeds of Pride, and implant in their Room the Seeds of Humility;

ty; wou'd teach us to think more modestly of ourselves, and look with an Eye of Tender-ness upon the Errors of Others: As we are all in some Degree liable to them, and happiest he, who has the least Share of them.

THE different Treatment of the fair Sex is the great Cause, that they are more subject to this Failing, I am treating of. They are (I hope they'll pardon a Truth) educated below Man, but ador'd above Angels. What, are not their Capacities as extensive, their Fancies as lively, their Wit as penetrating, and (in a Word) their Minds as rational, in general, as Our's? If their Judgment is not so manly and solid, it is altogether owing to the Want of Improvement.——But what! did I talk of solid Judgment? Shall then your fine Ladies rack their tender Brains for solid Judgment, and commence, one and all, Philosophers in Petticoats? *Monstrum horrendum!* Must they give up at once their dear Folly, and discard all their tender Nonsense? What a Sight of pretty Faces wou'd there be spoil'd? How many gay Looks obscur'd by a dull plodding pedantic Air?——Thus for Want of just and noble Sentiments, their Heads are crouded with Nothing but Levity, and their Minds starv'd for want of proper Nutriment. They're forced to roam abroad to furnish out Ideas, and to have Recourse to the Tea-table; to freight themselves with Discourse.

But

On several OCCASIONS. 15

BUT I have so great a Tenderneſs for the Fair Sex, that I muſt plead in favour of them, and impute their Errors of this Kind more to their Miſfortune than Fault. But what ſhall we ſay in Vindication of our own Sex, when we find this Contagion ſpread widely amongſt them? Nay more——what is Matter of Shame and Wonder, even among Men of Literature and Underſtanding? But the Surprize ceaſes, when we find it owing to an effeminate Emulation of the Fair, to court their Eſteem. It were to be wiſh'd that thoſe Women's-men were dreſs'd up in their Petticoats, as a Mark of Ignominy, and made to ſpin at their Ladies Feet, like *Hercules* at Madam *Omphale's*! I know, to crack, an ill-natur'd Joke, tho' at the Expence of another's Reputation, and to make a ſmart Repartee, tho' ever ſo rude, purchaſes a Man a little pitiful Applauſe, and is look'd upon now-a-days as a ſure Indication of Wit and Politeness.

IF we look back into paſt Ages, we find our wiſer Fore-fathers entertaining themſelves upon far other Topics. Their Tables were not (like our modern Tea-tables) ſweetned with the malicious Enquiries of Scandal, but ſeaſon'd with the nobler Reſearches into Nature. They did not pry into the Conduct of their Neighbours, to expoſe them; but ſearch'd into the eternal Difference of moral Good and Evil, to reform their own Manners. Thus theſe wiſe Heathens by the mere Light of Nature,
acted

acted almost up to Christianity; whereas we Christians amidst the Brightness of the Gospel sink even below Paganism itself: To the immortal Honour of modern Politeness!

WHAT shall we not, grave Mr. *Censor*, indulge then a little innocent Raillery?—Thus while they scatter Fire-brands, Arrows, and Death, they readily cry, Are we not in Sport? *Sed hæ Nugæ seriâ ducunt in Mala.* The sophistical Dress and softning Terms will not alter the Nature of Vice. Raillery differs as much from Railing, as the undesigning Pass of a Friend at your Breast does from the base Stab of a *Spaniard* behind your Back: The one means you only a little Good-nature, the other gives you a fatal Wound.

MUST Miss *Gibb*, because Nature has dealt unkindly with her, have an additional Load to her Back to groan under, while we in cruel Sport join with Step-mother Nature, and labour all we can to heap up her Misfortune?

POOR *Irus* wants Money, and honest *Crassus* Wit, and to their great Comfort and Satisfaction, this meets with Jeers, and that with Insolence.

IMPIUS——for that Miscreant I am no Advocate. He's a well-season'd hardy Rogue; He can return Scoff for Scoff; and revenges his Affronts with open Prophaneness.

BUT *Atticus* methinks should claim some Veneration. But even his Virtues are no Protection to him. They raise him high indeed;
But

On several OCCASIONS. 17

But they only make him a fairer Mark for Envy. Does he worship his God? He's a sly Hypocrite. And his Services to Mankind are but Baits for Applause. Great good Man! How wou'd such Treatment cut thy generous Soul, did not thy Virtues add a constant Serenity; and a native Greatness of Mind support and comfort thee with it's diffusive Influence!

COULD I hope to cure *Invidus* of that Meanness of Spirit; or argue *Severa* into Gentleness and Benevolence, I would set before them the ill Effects of this Vice. What Rage and Animosities, what Malice and Revenge, and Blood and Murder it many times occasions: That it unhinges all Society and is the Bane of every social Virtue. But it is in vain to address myself to their Reason; I shall therefore apply to their Shame, by setting before them the Character of *Proba*: *Example goes beyond Precept*. But let me first premise, that I attempt her Picture only in Miniature, being far unable to paint her Beauties in all their Lustre and full Proportion.

PROBA is a Lady of strict Virtue, and an utter Enemy to all Vice. The former she displays in all it's Charms, and renders amiable by an inimitable Address. Religion gives her not a gloomy Cast of Mind, but diffuses round her a certain Chearfulness. Her Virtue sits about her with an easy Air, free

B

from

from Stiffness, clear of Ostentation. For Vice——Tho' she has the utmost Abhorrence to it, she chuses rather to discountenance it by Example, than attack it in Person. Conscious of, and trembling at her own Frailties and natural Infirmities, she hears not without a silent Concern, and studies to extenuate, the Lapses of others. To others Faults she is indeed blind, and only severely intent upon her own. If she hears of flagrant Crimes, she admonishes and reclaims them in a friendly Manner, by privately advising, without openly exposing. By all the Good she is belov'd, and beheld by the Bad with a secret Reverence. She is at once the Example and Shame of either Sex: Wou'd she were also the Imitation of Both!



An ELEGY,

On the Death of *W. B.* who died *Dec. 7, 1727.*

STILL mute, and shall the base ungrateful
(Musc
The Honours due to thy great Tomb refuse?
In silent Sorrow sit, and sullen Grief,
Nor seek to Duty for her best Relief?
Affect the gloomy Shade and darksome Grot,
Bury'd in Silence, lost, unseen, forgot?

Pine

On several OCCASIONS. 19

Pine out a wretched Life in idle Woe?
And add new Weight to the afflicting Blow?
These the Returns, and this the hop'd for Ease?
Sure Grief has Charms, and Torture's taught to
(please!

Mistaken Man! a nobler Tribute's due,
A Tribute worthier Him and worthier You.
Impious Neglect! And does a Grandfire's Name,
That sacred Tie, no Veneration claim?
He that imparted Life! To His pale Shade
All Duties unperform'd, all Rites unpaid,
In dark Oblivion shall his Ashes rot,
Like Thee unnoted, and like Thee forgot?
Shall He in future Times ignobly lie,
Lost in the Ruins of Obscurity?
Forbid it Heav'n! forbid it all that's Just!
Ye sacred Honours of his hollow'd Dust
Forbid it! — And do thou, great Sire, excuse
The silent Sorrows of the mourning Muse.
Forgive the tender Flowings of her Tears,
The solemn Sadness of her pious Cares.
Ev'n Tears have Grace! —

————— *Affliction*, heav'nly Fair!
Sweet-sadly-pleasing, with distracted Air,
How dost thou make our Passions ebb and flow,
Greatly adorn'd in all the Pomp of Woe!
Amidst the vast Sublimity of Distress,
Too great for Pen to paint, for Tongue to express;

When Language labours, and the Accents fail,
 Thy Sighs can speak, Tears tell the moving
 (Tale;

With an emphatic Silence can impress
 Thy Sorrows on the sympathizing Breast.
 Big swells with forcive Eloquence each Sigh, }
 Each Drop expressive shines upon the Eye; }
 Sighs, Sobs and Tears thy pow'rful Orat'ry! }

Y E Fields and Meads where-e'er I wandring
 (go,

(To seek sweet Solace to my wakeful Woe)
 And turn my Steps and Eyes, my Eyes like You,
 Glitt'ring with gather'd Drops of pearly Dew;
 In vain for Solace my sad Steps I bend,
 In vain around my sick'ning Eyes I fend;
 The Fields and Meads call up afresh my Woe;
 The Streams in sympathizing Murmurs flow.
 The Sylvan Scenes (once gay) in Desert spread,
 Seem all to mourn with Me their Master dead,
 Nor now with golden Harvests smiling stand,
 Robb'd of the Blessings of th' industrious Hand.
 There the blest Man in chearful Solitude,
 In humble Virtues *eminently* Good,
 His Life in Health and Innocency ran,
 Tilling the Ground like the first upright Man;
 His Hands employ'd in honest Exercise, }
 His Mind for ever soaring to the Skies; }
 No idle Hour expos'd to tempting Vice. }

But

On several OCCASIONS. 21

But now from your terrestrial Plains he's fled,
And joys the starry Plains above the tread.
Oh! now to him your flow'ry Treasures pour,
Who with rich Plenty crown'd your Plains be-
(fore.

Oh! join your Roses to my grateful Verse,
To pay the last sad Duties to his Herse.



DICK EASY to *Miss* EYEBRIGHT.

MADAM,

THIS Message is dispatch'd to acquaint
You, that you have a thousand winning
Graces, a thousand killing cruel Charms. But
alas! this is not all: You must be inform'd
further, that they have pierc'd my Heart with
a thousand Darts, and inflicted a thousand
fatal Wounds. Now, Madam, (for I must
expostulate with You) why should the Fair,
who seem all that is Innocent, carry about
them such fatal Arms, and delight in doing
such murderous Executions? I took You to
be an inoffensive Power; I gaz'd, and ad-
mir'd you, as I would a beautiful Statue; and
feasted on your Charms with a sweet De-
light. But alas! my Delight soon prov'd
my Sorrow. A secret Poyson instill'd itself
into my Breast; and You, Madam, like the
murderous Basilisk, destroy'd me with your
Eyes.

Eyes. I little thought, unexperienc'd Man! that Death lurk'd under so fair a Form; that Mischief was hid amidst so much Sweetness. Your Looks have in them something that's gentle; and your virgin Heart (if I may give a Guess at it) is not insensible to the tender Passions of Love and Pity. Now it is but just, that you who gave the Wound, should also perform the Cure. To you then alone I apply, my fair Physician; for you alone can relieve my Pain. O let me find you as my Thoughts have conceiv'd you, all Gentleness, all Goodness; and you shall ever find me in return all made up of Love and Truth.



Address'd to some POETICAL young
LADIES.

Virginibus, Puerisq; canto. HOR.

YE sacred Sisters of th'*Aonian* Choir,
Who tuneful sweep the sweet harmonious
(Lyre,
Or *Delphic* Virgins, if ye rather hear,
And mystic Sybills more delight your Ear,
(For oft' like *Phæbus*' fam'd Prophetic Maid,
Hid in th'Recesses of a sacred Shade,
Hard where a Temple rears it's awful Head,
And trembling Ghosts hang hov'ring o'er the
(dead,
In

On several OCCASIONS. 23

In mystic Numbers mystic Truths ye sing,
Worthy great *Phabus*' Voice and *Phabus*'
(String)
Say has some Pow'r malignant stopp'd your
(Tongue,
Or what blest God now quaffs the Nectar of
(your Song ?

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

At early Mattins how you rais'd your Strains,
And rous'd from sluggish Dreams the sleeping
(Swains?

“ Rise gentle Youths, the Nymphs invite you,
(rise ;

“ Rise, gentle Youths, the Sun ascends the
(Skies :

“ How can you seal those radiant Eyes in Sleep,

“ And leave fair Maidens' Eyes in Tears to
(weep?

“ Ah ! rise ; again those lovely Charms display,

“ And wound our Souls, and 'clipse the rising
(Day !

“ Sing, tuneful Nymphs, the ravish'd Swains
(reply,

“ Sing, tuneful Nymphs, the Sun adown the
(Sky :

On several OCCASIONS. 25

So shall each Nymph her full Dominion boast,
No more the Buffoon's Jest and Coxcomb's
(Toast;
So reign in Beauty and in Wit supreme,
And yielding Hearts with double Charms in-
(flame.

R A P.

ENOUGH, enough—I feel the God controll,
The *delphic* God seize all my raptur'd Soul!
I see, I see him punish'd by just Fate,
Who rashly dar'd disturb our peaceful State.
Behold, I see th' assembled *Muses* come,
And awefully pronounce his fatal Doom,
The busy *Loves* around obsequious stand
Ready to execute the high Command.

“ Bind him, ye *Cupids*, bind his impious
(Hands,

“ (Bold, rash, Offender!) with your filken
(Bands;

“ A Victim on Love's Altar let him bleed,

“ Stabb'd with a Frown, and expiate the Deed;

“ Or in Love's Flames grown out his trembling
(Breath;

“ Or burning live, and bear a living Death.

“ Thus shall the Wretch long curse the fatal
(Hour,

“ He violated Beauty's sacred Power.

P E G.

O MAID, belov'd of *Phæbus* and the *Nine*,
In whose sweet Strains their Inspirations shine,
Well

Well hast thou spoke his Doom, for by this Air,
 This Ogle, Mein, these Jetty Locks I swear,
 By all the Fires that light these radiant Eyes,
 Destin'd to instant Fate the guilty Stripling
 (dies!



The R E A D I N G M U S E S.

Rumores vacui, verbaque inania. S E N.

T R A I N'D to the Fables of the Schools,
 Those learned Nurseries of Fools;
 And danc'd the wild fantastic Round
 Of airy Worlds, by Poets found;
 My Brains turn'd with their idle Whims;
 My Fancy lost in pleasing Dreams;
 I view'd in visionary Scene
 Gods, Monsters, All that Fictions feign.
 With holy Awe I bow'd to *Jove*;
 And pious hymn'd each Morn to *Love*;
 To *Venus* oft address'd my Pray'r:
 "Bright Goddess, O thy Suppliant hear."
 I shudder'd at the grizly Fawns,
 That dire infest the rural Lawns;
 The Scorpion-furies and Chimæra's
 Froz'd my chill'd Blood with pannic Terrors.
 Charm'd with the Nymphs, I rang'd the Woods,
 Courted the Deities of the Floods:

Shy

On several OCCASIONS. 27

Shy fled the Nymphs, I slighted rov'd,
 And the coy Phantoms curst and lov'd.
 Tir'd with this Chase, I fought *Parnassus*,
 For *Phabus* fam'd and tuneful Lasses.
 Now all my Pow'rs on Music hung;
 I died in Raptures of a Song!
 And vent'rous struck the sounding Strings,
 By purling Brooks and silver Springs;
 Thus travers'd I Hill, Dale, and Grove;
 The Roses pluck'd, the Chaplet wove;
 And fought by all the Arts to please,
 To charm a *Muse*, or win a *Grace*.
 At length Experience eas'd my Pain,
 And taught — *My Fears and Hopes were vain*.
 Hence does my Soul these Whims disclaim,
 The Pedant's Cant, the School-boy's Theme.

Thus some fond Nurse young Miss deceives,
 With Tales her Dotage half believes;
 Of dreadful Spectres, Sprites, Vagaries,
 Hobgoblins, Witches, Ghosts, and Fairies;
 Of Saucer-eyes shocking to sight!
 And head-less Forms that haunt the Night.
 By Nurse long taught the fondling Care
 Now starts at ev'ry Gust of Air:
 The dimning Taper sickning blues;
 A Ghost in ev'ry Shade she views;
 Till Reason dawns, her Fears dispells,
 The Terrors vanish with the Tales.

CON-

CONVINCD, no more I'll look above
 For *Venus* and the Train of *Love*.
 No more I'll search the Grove and Plain
 For Creatures of the Poet's Brain.
 In you alone, ye lovely Lasses,
 Are found the *Goddeesses*, and *Graces*.
 No more shall airy Forms delude,
 I'll court substantial Flesh and Blood,
 No *Dryad-nymphs* exist, no *Elves*,
 No *Sylphids*—save your pretty Selves.
 Nor where *Parnassus*' Tops aspire ;
 Resides the *Muses*' tuneful Choir.
 No more I'll thence invoke the *Nine* ;
Reading boasts *Ninety* more divine.
 'Tis here the vocal Train retreat,
 And *Foreb'rough-Hill*'s the sacred Seat:
 No *Clio* did my Breast inspire,
 No *Erato* infuse the Fire :
 But while I thought the Vision true,
 Dear Girls, I was inspir'd by You.

O MAIDS divine, from whose bright Eyes
 I boldly snatch'd the heav'nly Prize ;
 And with the stol'n celestial Rays
 Durst animate my lifeless Lays ;
 Like bold *Prometheus*' my Deceit ;
Prometheus's my equal Fate ;

Condemn'd

On several OCCASIONS. 29

Condemn'd to feel eternal Smart
While Flames devour my tortur'd Heart:
O pity, Nymphs, your dying Swain!
Your smiles can make him live again.
O come your equal Ardours join,
And burning mix your Flames with mine.



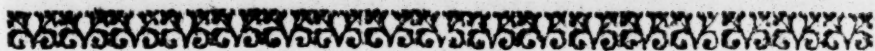
*To a gentle NYMPH who fondly call'd
her Gallant, her Brother.*

An EPIGRAM.

YES, *Nancy, Dill's* thy Brother doubtless,
Dove:
Brother he must be—Brother and *above*—
For thou dost love him with a wondrous Love.



HARRY



HARRY to NELL.

Sweet Nell,

I Know you hate to be *Angel'd* and *Goddeſs'd* up; nor wou'd I be took to be ſo great a Fool to tell you, I *Adore* you. Theſe are Things fitter for lying Verſe: What I am writing, is honeſt Proſe. I will only ſay, you are an agreeable Laſs, and that I love you. If you love me, ſend me Word by the next Poſt.

I am,

My Deary,

Your true Love,

HARRY.



AN



AN ELEGY

On the Death of MYRRHA;

Who died Sep. 10, 1729.

*Quis Desiderio sit Pudor aut Modus
Tam Chari Capitis? Præcipe lugubres
Cantus Melpomene.*

Hor.

ASSIST, *Melpomene*, the mournful Strain;
In tend'rest Accents teach me to com-
(plain :

Aid me O *Philomel*, to pour my Grief,
A Wretch depriv'd for ever of Relief.

O Joyless * Dawn, and most unhappy Day!
Why did *Aurora* shed thy baleful Way!
Why did mine Eyes e'er view thy hated
(Light!
Oh! had I slept in everlasting Night!
Ah *Florio*, what is Life now *Myrrha's* dead?
Vanish'd thy Hopes are, and thy Pleasures
fled.

No more *Aurora*, now her brighter Beam
Shall flush thy blushing Cheeks with purple
(Shame.

* Alluding to the time of her Death.

On several OCCASIONS. 33

Bath'd in her Tears the tender Mother there,
Dismal to see! with loose dischevell'd Hair,
Wild in the Rage of Grief, with pitious Cries
Exclaims against the Fates, and Stars and
(Skies.

Assist, *Melpomene*, &c.

How short, bright Maid, how short on
(Earth thy stay!
Why thy young Beauties snatch'd so soon
(away?
Where were those conqu'ring Charms, those
(pointed Darts,
That irresistible pierc'd our yielding Hearts?
When Death approach'd did all, all feeble
(grow?
All vain? Could nought prevent the coming
(Blow?
Cou'd he unmov'd such moving Charms with-
(stand?
Against such Beauty lift his fatal Hand?
Ah! Nought can stay pale Death's uplifted
(Arm;
Bribes lose their Pow'r, and Beauty has no
(Charm.
Alike must all descend to silent Dust,
The Wise, the Brave, the Virtuous, and the
(Just.
C Death's

Death's universal sway alike must own
 The humble Cottage and the glitt'ring
 (Throne.
 Assist, *Melpomene*, &c.

STILL, still methinks I see that lovely
 (Face!
 That winning Smile, and soft attractive Grace!
 Still her bright Image rises to my sight,
 In Thoughts by Day, in Airy Dreams by
 (Night.

Her dear, her sad Remembrance, ever new,
 Calls up a thousand sorrows to my View.
 Why were our mutual Hearts so firmly tied?
 Or why did Heav'n such mutual Hearts di-
 (vide?

Ye cruel Pow'rs, what unseen Mis'ries wait
 On helpless Man! How wav'ring human
 (State!
 What restless Changes Mortals undergo!
 Now crown'd with Bliss, now plung'd in
 (Depth of Woe!

No sooner golden Scenes appear, but they
 Delude our empty Grasp, and glide away.
 Assist, *Melpomene*, &c.

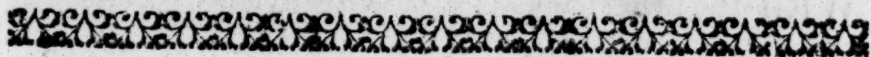
For ever gone! Go wretched *Florio* go,
 (For what remains, ah! what, but endless
 (Woe?)
 Instead

On several OCCASIONS. 35

Instead of Flow'rs and joyful Chaplets, *now*
With melancholy Willow load thy brow.
Ye rolling Streams, with inexhausted Store
O could I Floods, like You, for ever pour !
What Grief too great ? Let me for ever mone !
For see my *Myrrha's* gone, for ever gone !
Myrrha, who seem'd indulgent Heav'ns chief
(Care,
Myrrha, so kind, so virtuous, young, and fair,
Joy of each Eye, and Praise of ev'ry Breath,
O direful Turn of Fate is snatch'd away by
(Death.

So Phæbus the refulgent Lamp of Day,
Gives to the gladsome World his chearful
(Ray,
'Till Earth's revolving Orbit from our Sight, }
Unkindly snatches his descending Light, }
And leaves the darken'd World in gloomy }
(Night.) }

BUT now her spotless Soul is fled on high,
Born to the blisful Mansions of the Skie,
Freed from the Bondage of her fleshly Chains,
Among the bright Celestial Race She reigns.
Where Joys on Joys perpetually flow,
By Time unmeasur'd and unmix'd with Woe.



EPITAPH *for the same.*

Nec tibi Mors ipsa superstes erit.

IN vain, Celestial Maid, o'er Thee
Death boasts his Pow'r :
 In vain malicious *Time*, that He
 Prescrib'd thy Hour.

(2)

Tho' hence in Youth and Beauty torn,
 The dire *Fates* bore thee ;
 Thy Spotless Soul was only born
 To brighter Glory.

(3)

Thou, thou, sweet Innocence, on high
 'Mongst Heavn's bright Choir
 Shall reign when *Death* himself shall die,
 And *Time* expire.

CUPID



CUPID *deceiv'd; Or,*

MYRRA *and* DIAN.

(I)

STILL must I mourn Thee, hapless Fair,
To thy dear *Manes* I for e'er
Must breath a Sigh, and drop a Tear.

(2)

Ah just in all thy youthful Pride,
When gentle *Love* our Hearts had tied,
Malicious Death his Triumphs spy'd.

(3)

And while the *God* in Raptures stray'd,
And flutter'd round the lovely Maid,
The *ghastly Pow'r* thus vaunting said :

(4)

“ Yield, Urchin, to thy Rival’s Arms;
 “ Hence : Quit the Prize and Beauty’s
 (Charms :
 “ Cold *Death* shall clasp, what *Love* now
 warms.

(5)

“ Love must to *Death* it's Fires resign ;
 “ Beauty its shining Spoils : 'Tis *thine*,
 “ Vain Boy, to *wound* ; to *vanquish mine*.

(6)

Thus he : No more : without Delay
 He hurl'd his Dart, and bore away
 With ghastly Grin the beauteous Prey.

(7)

Poor little *Cupid* storm'd and cry'd ;
 Threw Quiver, Darts, and All aside ;
 Curs'd his dire Fate, and wish'd t'have dy'd.

(8)

And shall I thus, says he, be crost ?
 The softest Heart I e'er cou'd boast !
 And shall I tamely see it lost ?

(9)

Unhappy *Venus* was distress'd ;
 Wept too ; and sooth'd, and fondly press'd
 The pretty Mourner to her Breast.

(10)

But all prov'd vain : he tore his Hair ;
 And sobbing : “ such a tender Pair
 “ Never, he cry'd, breath'd vital Air !

“ Now

(11)

“ Now *Myrrha*'s gone in Grief must I
“ For ever mourn ! and *Florio* die !
“ And all our Shrines neglected lie !

(12)

But ah ! his Mother's Heart no more
Her little *Cupid*'s Sorrows bore ;
She griev'd to hear him sob and roar.

(13)

And thus : “ Ah ! 'twas unkindly done !
“ How cou'd you, oh ! how cou'd you Son,
“ Tell us that *Myrrha*'s dead and gone ?

(14)

Pointing to *Dian* : “ There She's seen,
“ There shines, with what a graceful Mein !
“ Like thy *Mamma*, and *Beauty's Queen*.

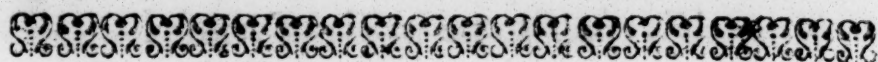
(15)

Deluded *Cupid* wip'd his Eyes ;
Soon all his streaming Sorrow dries ;
In Raptures the blind Urchin cries :

(16)

“ 'Tis she, 'tis she ! That snowy Neck,
“ That radiant Eye and rosy Cheek,
“ And All the lovely Maid bespeak !

MYRTILLA



MYRTILLO to AMANDA.

Dearest AMANDA,

IF Love is not a mere idle Name, and has that Power commonly ascrib'd to it; if that Power is attended with a strange Variety of Pain, and those Pains capable of invading our firmer Breasts; in short, if Man is not all Deceit, and there is any Truth in your *Myrtillo*; believe, dear Maid, I feel that Power, and confess those Pains; My whole Breast burns with the full Rage of Love, and the fair *Amanda* is the bright Author of my Flame.

If to mourn thy Absence, and to wish for thy Presence, as my only Felicity; If to hug thy dear Idea, and pursue thee in every Thought; if to fix my whole Soul upon thee, to make thee all my Care, and all my Delight; If this (I say) be an Argument of Love, this thy *Myrtillo* does for his *Amanda*.

YES, lovely Creature, dear to me as Life, thou art present with me in all my Concerns, in every Thought, in every Action. Retir'd from the World, to thee I fly for Rest, with Thee ever, ever employ'd! In Business thou sweetnest all my Cares; In Solitude are my sole Companion. Thou art my Life, my Self, my All!

ANX.

On several OCCASIONS. 41

ANXIOUS for thy Safety, I endure a thousand Ills: Affected with thy Anguish in the tenderest Part of me, thy much-lov'd Person, I feel thy Pains with the quickest Sence, and share with thee all thy Sorrows. While Love and Concern for thee at once invade my Soul, happy methinks is the poor Lunatic that raves in Bedlam, to the Man possess'd of Reason to encreate his Distraction. Doubts and Fears rise up in my Breast, a Croud of Apprehensions rack my Soul, and I am torn asunder with a thousand Disquietudes.

AND which now, *Amanda*, ingenuously tell me, which dost thou think has the truest Sense of Love? I appeal to yourself. Does the Woman suffer more? Or is the Man most affected with this generous Passion? ——— For me, I decide in Favour of my own Sex; nor think me partial, I judge by my self. Be it your's, to vindicate the Fair. And what says my *Amanda*——

Do those bright Eyes of thine at the sight of thy *Myrtillo*, sparkle with Love? That soft Bosom heave with Tenderne s at thy Lover's Approaches? Does thy Heart flutter with Joy at his Presence; and thy Sighs in sad Airs proclaim his Absence, chiding the heavy slow Minutes of his Return? Does his dear Name fill thee with a secret Pleasure; and is thy Soul all in Flames at the Thoughts of him?

Write me, ah! write me all, dear Maid, all the Prettinesses thy Passion can dictate, and bless
me

me with the full Recital of thy Love. Deny me not the Pleasure of hearing from You, since I must be robb'd of that of seeing you. I shall hug thy dear Characters to my Heart; dissolve in a Transport of Bliss; read and read over again, then grow anxious till I hear from Thee again

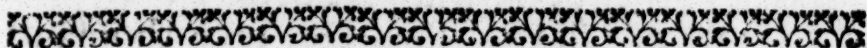


From the same to the same,

THOU' I am depriv'd the Happiness of your Presence, it is still in your Power to bless the sad, uncomfortable, Moments of Absence. I may still be delighted with the Sweetness of your Conversation, tho' Fate has remov'd me from the Charms of your Person. Your Letters, dear Maid, can baffle the Envy of Fate. Fancy can still restore thee entire to my Arms. While I read what comes from thy fair Hands, I shall think I hear thy real Voice, and seem to be struck with thy tender Accents. Each flowing Word will seem to breath from thy Lips, with their wonted Softness. Deluded by the fond Deceit, and lost in the pleasing Imagination, I shall hear thee, see thee, gaze on thy dear Person, fill'd and transported with an uncommon Ardour of Love. Such, my *Amanda*, such are the Pleasures, the bare Thought

On several OCCASIONS. 43

Thought of Thee inspires me with. And if mere Thought, if the imperfect Image of Fancy, if the abrupt Idea of thee can raise me to such an Height of Felicity, think charming Creature, think what transporting Delights, what a Heaven of Bliss I feel in thy Presence. Perhaps you'll say, 'tis a Breach of Modesty; and Writing is a Freedom not allow'd to your Sex. The contrary *Amanda* will be a breach of Love, a breach of the very Laws of Humanity, and an Injury to the truest Passion that ever warm'd a Heart! Remember this.



From the same, to the same.

Dear AMANDA,

IN all the Affairs of one so important to me, is there no one Affair of Importance, like thy self? Not one pretty Trifle in that precious Life, that is worth your relating, not one single Passage worth my hearing? Or to speak more properly, is there any one Action, that would not be engaging from my *Amanda*, or one sweet Trifle of her's, her Lover would not think of Moment? Thou dear, dear Trifler! Dost thou not all inspire me with Delight, and is not thy whole Self a Collection of Charms. Say what are thy Thoughts,
thy

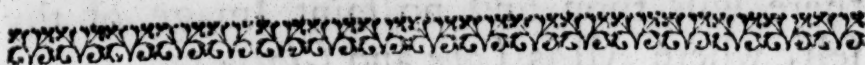
thy Employments, thy Diversions ? Does not my *Amanda* Hope, Wish, and Fear ? Or is her whole Life spent without Smile or Sigh ? Should thy *Myrtillo* be a stranger to thy Wishes, thy Aversions ; or does not thy Hopes and Fears concern him ? Is there one Grief that does not equally affect me, or one Pain of thine I wou'd not share with thee ? Cannot thy Joys give Pleasure to thy Lover, or ought he not to partake of thy Delights ? Must I love and care for you, only to suffer ? My Fancy be employ'd on you, but to improve my Grievs ? Wretched State ! and endless Torture ! Always anxious ! Always burning ! Tortur'd ever with fancied Fears, and ever heaping up a thousand Woes ! Such is the Absence of faithful Love ; and this and more has been my Lot.

I sat me down with full Purpose to rail at you, and vent my Passion at your Indolence. But my Rage, I know not how, is disarm'd of it's Force, and the Passion of Anger softned to that of Love — But hence 'tis gone, I give it to the Winds — My Dear, I'm wholly

YOURS.



To



To CLARINDA.

With the following ODE.

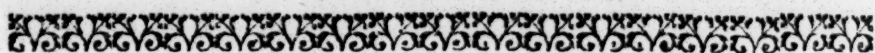
MADAM,
THIS little Composition, imperfect as it is, begs your kind Acceptance. Bold, I confess the Attempt in presuming to describe the Charms I can only admire! And hard the Task, to do Justice to those Perfections, the least of which is that of being *fair*.

As for the Brightness of the *Poet's* Flame——For that I am altogether unconcern'd, as I do not aspire to the sacred Character; But that of the *Lover's* (to do him Justice) burns in all it's Heat and Lustre. To form the Comparison——Bright, as the heavenly Graces of thy Body; pure, as thy spotless Mind; and strong and lasting, as thy unshaken Virtue.

BUT tho' I do not acquit myself, as a *Poet*; I shall think myself happy, if I succeed as a *Lover*. Tho' the faint Colourings of my Pencil cannot reach the fair Original; I have still a brighter Image of the fair *Clarinda*, strongly stamp'd on my Heart: My Heart, which ever flutt'ring round it's dear Object, receives (like a faithful Mirrour) the full Lustre of my Fair, nor loses a single Charm. Accept then, most lovely of thy Sex, accept
at

46 POEMS, &c.

at least the humble Tribute of my Heart
there wilt thou find no faint Image of thy
self, where All is *Love* and *Clarinda*.



To CLARINDA; An ODE.

Cælum ipsum petimus Stultitiâ. HOR.

[1.]

FAIREST, forgive the *Muse*, who tunes
(her Lyre
To *Pindar*'s lofty Notes, without *His* Fire;
Who dares unskill'd attempt *Clarinda*'s Praise,
With *bold Ambition*, but *unequal* Lays.

Bid her retire,

Nor vainly dare

With unfledg'd Wings aspire

Presumptuous to the Skies, thro' tractless
(Fields of Air.

[2.]

CAN her low artless Quill display
The beamy Glories of the *God of Day*?
Or with what Colours will she paint aright

The dazzling Rays

That round him blaze;

And how describe him deck'd in Robes of
(Light?
WILL

On several OCCASIONS. 47

[3.]

WILL She then once presume to trace
Clarinda's, bright Perfections? Can She tell
Her ev'ry Grace,
The hea'vnly Beauties of her Face,
And all th'unnumber'd Charms that round her
(dwell?
What Numbers will She use, what lofty
(Strain?
To speak her beauteous Air, her lovely Mein?
What Force, what Energy so powerful find,
To reach the spotless Maid's *seraphic* Mind?

(4.)

CEASE youthful *Muse* importunately vain;
Forbear; Thy headstrong Impulses restrain;
Quench, quench thy glowing Vein,
Thy too impetuous Heat;
Left wise to late,
Struck by the vengeful Lightning of her
Eye,
As *Phaëton's*, thy like Impiety,
Hurl'd headlong from thy Heav'n of Blifs,
Be to the Shades of lasting Night dismiss'd.

STRUCK

(5.)

STRUCK with a beauteous Blaze
Of Heav'nly Light ;
Shot from her Eyes the Rays,
Insufferably bright ;
Lo silent She retreats,
Confus'd : With decent Awe
See her withdraw,
Conscious of her blind Zeal and guilty Heats.
For who can paint the Beams that gild the
(Skies?
The Fire of *Phæbus*, or *Clarinda's* Eyes ?



On



To the Memory
Of Mr. PILE, sometime Bricklayer to
his MAJESTY.

Semper Honos, nomenq; tuum, Laudesq; manebunt.

O H, could I form my low imbecile Lays
Firm like the Columns which thy Hands
(cou'd raise,
Could I, like Thee, dispose the various Heap,
And the rude Mass into fair Order shape;
Drawn from it's pristine *Chaos* bid it rise,
And in a beauteous Structure strike our Eyes,
A lasting Monument to Thee I'd raise,
And deathless, like thy Works, should be my
(Lays.

BUT ah! in vain with busy Zeal I strive
Fondly the FAME, my self muſt want, to
(give.

To *Thee* what nobler Monument can be,
Than thy own Works, to speak thy Memory?
Frail are my artless Labours : now they rise ;
And soon the short-liv'd Toil decays and dies.

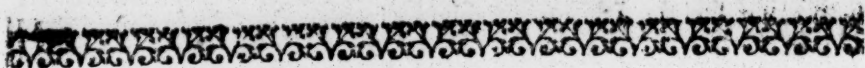
Not so with *Thee* — Thy Labours firmly stand,
 And distant Times shall praise thy skilful
 (Hand :

Each Fabrick Immortality shall claim ;
 It's self the Record to preserve its Fame.

Tho' ancient, strong ; beauteous, tho' worn
 (with Date ;
 And but for Length of Years more venerably
 (great.

HENCE as in Mem'ry of *Adonis* dead
 The sad *Anemonies* uprear'd their Head ;
 Or from the *Grecian* Chief (as some have sung)
 The new-born Flow'rs with purple Honours
 sprung ;
 And AI in mournful Letters wails his Fate,
Laments at once his Fall and makes it *great*.
 Thus shall the Builder's Toils the PILE pro-
 (claim,
 And ev'ry Fabrick bear thy honour'd Name :
 Thus shall thy Fame live in eternal Bloom,
 Nor yield to Death, Fate's common vulgar
 Doom.

SINCE independent then of others Aid,
 Thy Praise to future Times shall stand dis-
 play'd.
 High on thy Columns let me fix my Name,
 And *Live* with *Thee*, and *share eternal Fame*.
 HALL



HALL COURTLEY to *Madam*
LONGACRE.

Madam;

'TIS the Fate of Beauty and Merit to be persecuted with a Tribe of Sweethearts, and damn'd to the Impertinence of Fops. The more we are charm'd with a Lady's Perfections, we think ourselves the more entitled to the fair Possessor of them. And shall *you*, Madam, *you alone* hope to escape the common Fate of the Fair? For Heaven's sake, Madam, consider with your self, and be better advis'd. You should consider in the first Place, that it is much beneath the Character of your Ladyship, to be leading Apes up and down in Hell. Besides, Madam, you have Youth, and Beauty and Wit, and Merit *in Abundance*; or what is equally the same, you have Abundance of Money, and consequently are a *Lady of Worth*; a Perfection I much admire. I say, Madam, as you are stor'd with *Pelf*, you cannot want all other the most shining *Perfections*. What tho' you are turn'd the wrong side of *Fifty*, and upon full Gallop to old Age and the D-----l? Money, Madam, buys you *Youth*, and redeems

you from Wrinkles, and makes you shine in all the bloomy Charms of *Paint* and *Vermilion*. Who after this will be so sottish as to deny you *Beauty* to your Youth. Sure he must be short of Sight or — *Understanding*. What tho' you have a little Tumour on the Shoulders and Curvity in your Pegs, which the ill-natur'd World (who envy your Perfections) term a crooked Back and Bandy Legs; yet so ingeniously are they hid in rich Brocades and Silks, and your Jewels and Gold dart such a Lustre about you, that hang me like a Dog (when ever I see you) if I dont twitter again to be in possession of so many Charms, such a deal of Excellence! For your *Wit*, Madam ——— you that are Mistress of so much shining Metal can never fail to be Mistress of Wit and Eloquence; for there is no Eloquence like that of Gold; it moves and perswades with all the Powers of Rhetoric: In short, whatever you say, is the Flower of Wit; so engaging is it, that it makes us grin again, before we hear it. But as to your Worth, Madam ——— Gods, were I but Master of Half! Now Madam, I have the Vanity to think, that I have the best Title to It and You: For who is more deserving of it than your Admirer? And as you have a vast Deal of Money, I too have a vast Stock of Love; all which, if you and I can agree, I design to make a Jointure of to you. Now think, Madam, how happy we shall live!

On several OCCASIONS. 53

as happy as the Day— and Night too— is
long. So Madam, I hope you'll consider my
Plea, and reward the Merits of

Your profess'd Adorer,

HENRY COURTLEY.



Miss FANNIA.

MISS *Fannia* vain of an *indiff'rent* Face,
Thinks *ev'ry Charm* summ'd up in that

(one Grace:

Full of herself, the *little pert young Thing*

At *ev'ry Mortal* has a spiteful Fling :

Proudly she perks it at their very Noses :

Exposing *others*, most *herself* sh'exposes.

What tho' thy *Pride* may paint thee *without*

Stain ;

Thou art not *spotless*, Child, but very *vain*.

All Faults, dear *Miss*, are by the *Glass* not

(shewn,

Or thou wou'dst well, e'er now have known thy

(Own.

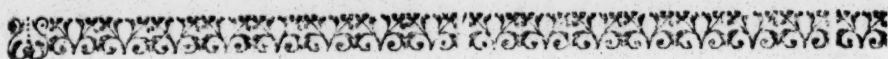
PHI-

PHILANDER *to* PRUDELLA.

WHAT banish me for Ever? Inhuman Fair! Is it to preserve a proper Distance, and to keep up the deference that is due from a Mortal to a Goddess; that I may next time approach you with a more sacred Awe, address you with a purer Devotion? Or is it, in short, only the Device of the Woman (too much in practice now-a-days) to whet the Appetite of the Lover to a keener Edge, that he may be more eager, more full of Love to the dear Object of his desires?

I'LL tell you, my Dear; the best Expedient I know of is this; If the Women are tantastic, the Men should be careless. Take Care, Child; the case is thus—— If I never see you, I must of Consequence forget you.

ALBANUS



ALBANUS to AURELIA

My dear AURELIA,

TH O' the blind God of Hearts threw us with the unthinking Many by meer Chance into each others Arms, think not the soft Bands of Love the weaker. No ! the closest Engagements bind us, the firmer Ties of the Soul ! 'Twas that lovely Sett of Features, at first (I confess) that struck my Fancy, that engag'd my Heart, that invited me to the Acquaintance of the fair Possessor of them. Acquaintance soon open'd to me more winning Charms than a faultless Face, a Shape, an Air. That beauteous Outside was but the gilded Case of a richer Treasure within. The happy Tincture of the Skin, and a well-turn'd Shape may dazle the Eyes, may take the Heart—— but are subject to a thousand Accidents. But the Mind, *Aurelia*, that nobler Part flourishes with unfading Honours, in Youth gives Life to Beauty, in Age supplies it's Loss with more engaging Charms.

Now all this Philosophy tended only to assure you, that my *Love* is not built upon such weak Foundations. It is not fed alone by the sweet Nectar of thy Lips ; nor does it live by the vital Rays of thy Eyes. It is
not

not detain'd by the Musick of thy Tongue ;
 nor is it fetter'd by the rich Tangles of thy
 Hair. *Clarissa* looks bright, and *Sappho* can
 sing ; but the Voice is the only Charm in this,
 and that has no other Merit but to look fair.
 It is not with such common Views I admire
 thee : And I hope I shall never want the Gal-
 lantry to think of you otherwise than as my
 Thoughts represent you at this Moment. And
 know, consummate Maid, it will be no Disad-
 vantage to thy lov'd Charms, that thy *Alba-
 nus* thus delights to be lavish in thy Praises.
 Long acquaintance discovers thy Worth. It
 contributes more to thy Honour, to pronounce
 thee a *perfect Mortal*, now ; than in the first
 Heats of Love to have call'd thee, *Divine* —

I can write at present but little News, and
 it will be none to tell You, I am

Your great Admirer.





HONORIO to CORINNA.

Upbraiding her Falsehood.

CORINNA,

I AM struck but to mention that Name!
With Love? No——With Indignation!
That Name, which once, sweet as the
Voice of Harmony, ravish'd my Senses with
an Extacy of Delight sounds to me now harsh
and disagreeable, and *Corinna*, whose Idea so
inflam'd my Soul with Love, now fires me
with Rage and Resentment.

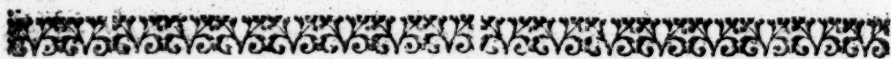
SPARE me the Confusion of Repeating
to you it's Cause. Examine your Heart, and
trace it there. See if there be one Spark of
Affection left!

BUT if Truth unfeign'd had met with a
like Return, and Excess of Passion kindled
as warm a Love; if the most affecting Ten-
derness for you cou'd claim your Esteem, and
a constant Concern for You had endear'd me
to your Thoughts; If in short, to have been
regardless of all that is dear to me, all the
World for your Sake, if this, I say, had any
Merit; I had now been blest with an equal
Warmth and Affection, and been alike your
Thoughts, Concern and Care. But such in an
ungrateful

ungrateful World is the known Reward of Truth and Sincerity.

YES thus Tendernefs, and Affection ; Truth, Honour and Fidelity ; Fame, Dangers, ALL ! employ'd in your Service, as they have undoubtedly merited it fo Coldnefs and Indifference ; Difesteem, Neglect, and Scorn have moft amply rewarded

Your Humble Servant.



ALEXIS'S Farewell:

M A D A M,

DO you ask what could move me to write *now*, when Time has made it fruitless to write ? Ask why mad Despair talks to the Winds, if you would know why hopeless Love writes. 'Tis the only Relief both have left, to indulge their Melancholly.

OH why was unbounded Beauty given, but to crown unbounded Love ? why were those bright Perfections, that Profusion of Graces (so form'd for Love) bestow'd upon You, but to reward that Love, which is deserving those Excellencies. Why were those Lips so taught to glow, those Eyes to shine, that Voice to
ravish

On several OCCASIONS. 59

ravish with such enchanting Sweetness, and that Wit to pierce with that uncommon Force? Was it only to fire, to wound, to destroy? Ah! No: Those Beauties of Body and Mind were never meant by Nature only to torture. Alas! they must bless some happier Youth. Thus cruel Parents and cruel Fate sever the most united Souls: And I must submit to severe Love and Fate; yet still love on, adore and die a faithful Victim to Love and You.



TAM TOWNLY to the Divine
BELINDA.

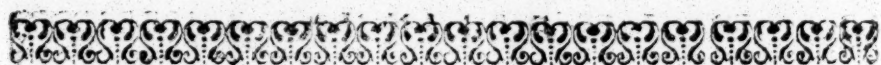
Idol of my Heart,

WERE not I one, the most unhappy of Creatures, I had thrown my self e'er now at your Ladyship's Feet. Permit me, Madam, this Mode of Expression; 'tis *Cupid* himself dictates; and a Lover may indulge Romance, as the peculiar Dialect of Love. The *little Power* too sensible of your Charms in pity to his defenseless Votaries lent them the choicest Arms of Love. With his Quills we return the Wounds of your Eyes, and equally assault the Fair with *Flames and Darts*. Where *Venus* supplies the Eloquence of Beauty, *Cupid* supplies the Eloquence of Wit.

OUR

OUR Language should rise in Proportion to your Charms. 'Twere impious to address a Goddess with familiar Sounds. It would be *my* Ambition, if it were not too great a Presumption, to equal, if possible, your lovely Self. My Expressions should be *bright* as your Eyes, *soft* as your Lips, *tender* as your Soul, and *elegant* as your Person.

I HAD almost forgot to tell you Madam, that Business, that Enemy to Love, prevented my intended Visit to you. It shall be for the future the whole Business of my Life to convince You, that I am entirely devoted to Love and Your Service.



A Letter from the Country.

Dear Sir,

YOU expect perhaps an Epistle drest up like a Nosegay, with all the Sweets and Flowers the Country produces: Or to find it adorn'd like a delicious well-dispos'd Garden; each sentence a Bed of Roses, each Expression productive of a Flower. You expect that I shou'd delude you, by the sweet Deceit of Words, into a pleasing Reveree; to find yourself agreeably lost in a florid Description: to be lull'd up by all the Power's and Opiates of Poetry into a rapturous Dream of Fancy, and
be

On several OCCASIONS. 61

be transported to the visionary Scenes of *Elysium*. You wou'd be led thro' painted Meadows, traverse the verdant Plains, and regale every Sense with the sweet Repast of rural Delights. Nature must display all her rich Stores, and feed the Eye of Fancy with a grateful Variety; rising Hills, flow'ry Vales, nodding Forests, purling Streams, and shady Groves.

Methinks you seem already to view me dictating on a flow'ry Bank, or transported beneath a fragrant Shade, with the feather'd Songsters straining their little Throats and and warbling to me in alternative Strains. No my *Gratus*, like *Tantalus* I pine amidst all the Graces of Nature, all the rich Bounties of indulgent Heav'n, nor relish the least Enjoyment. In vain the Brooks murmur, Meadows smile, and Birds sing. What are Brooks, Meads, and Groves; What all the softest Scenes of Nature? What are Birds, Banks and Flowers without the pleasing Converse of a virtuous Friend. I am not yet quite so romantic, nor is my Head so far turn'd, as to die away in Extacy at Nightingales and Junquills, at Rocks and Grottoes. And besides such-like Companions, and the poor harmless Brutes, none else have I here to converse with, but rustic Souls, almost as unthinking as they. Retirement void of Society is Banishment, and Nature a Desert.

But I have rambled so far into Poetic Descriptions, that I had almost not thank'd you for
your

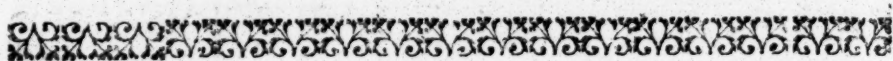
your kind Letter ; In which I love the Friend ;
but must check the Flatterer, &c. &c. &c.

'Tis high Time to conclude this Tittle-tattle ;
and tell you how much I am,

Dear Sir

Your most obedient

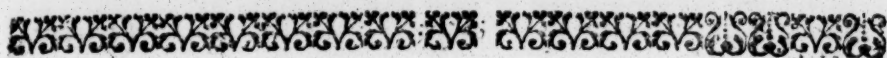
Friend and Servant.



A Prayer in Time of Sicknefs.

FATHER of Nature ! Gracious God ! O may
My Soul grow vig'rous by its Frame's
(Decay !
Grant when the feeble Springs of Life no
(more
Shall move this frail Machine, it mov'd be-
(fore ;
When my Soul struggles in my lab'ring
(Breast ;
By icy Death's rude Iron Hands oppress'd ;
Grant I with Firmness may resign my Breath ;
And while I pant for *Life*, teach me to pant
(for *Death*.

The



The RECOVERY.

(1)

O rais'd to Life and bloomy Joys,
Bright Author of my Blifs and Fire,
Smile while the *Mufe* with gladfome Voice
Sings the sweet Transports you inspire :
While heavenly Maid ſhe hails your Sorrows
(o'er ;
Buried with *Your's* her *own* ſhe grieves no more.

(2)

Long importun'd the deafen'd Skies
With lifted Hands and ardent Pray'r ;
The Pow'rs have hear'd my anxious Sighs,
And to my Vows reſtor'd the Fair.
Theſe Bleſſings gain'd to *You*, my other Heav'n
A like Return of Blifs to *Me* be given.

(3)

The Gods in *Bounty* mix our Joys,
And *kindly* pour in Dregs of Ill ;
To teach Mankind their ſecret Laws,
And Mercy's Love's ſoft Pow'rs inſtill :
From

From your *own Ills* these heav'nly Virtues
 (show,
 And melt compassionate at *other's Woe*.

(4)

O Fair as Heav'n, like Heav'n diffuse
 Thy Bounties with a blest Delight,
 Thy Pity grant to him that sues,
 And Love with equal Love requite :
 Thus like the Gods while you dispense your
 (Love,
 I'm wrapp'd in Bliss—and You ; Nor envy
 (Love,





The TRUE GENTLEMAN distinguished.

FROM wrong Notions and false Reasonings spring the many pernicious Errors, found in Life and Practice. Nothing has prov'd of more fatal Consequence than the the mistaken Sense Mankind have of *Honour*. There is a natural Thirst of Glory, and an *honest* Pride (if I may so say) deeply rooted in the Mind of Man, to excel their Fellow-brethren, to raise and distinguish themselves. The Pursuit is laudable, and worthy a rational Creature; who has a Soul form'd for Greatness, and replete with the Seeds of Glory. It is indeed the pure Dictate of Nature, our Duty, our Interest. But alas! the Misfortune is, we take the Shadow for the Substance, the false for the true Glory. 'Tis here we fail for want of just Sentiments.

THERE is Nothing so much aim'd at, and yet so little understood as the Character of a *Gentleman*. Rich and Poor, Fools and Knaves, bear away the honourable Title; and every one thinks it, in some Degree his Due. *This or that Gentleman*— is now the Phrase in Vogue, tho' the Wretch has not one Grain of Merit to support his Claim to it: Inſomuch that, it is now become a disputable
E Thing,

Thing, an empty Compliment, a Name without Meaning. Out of so many Thousands, that are honour'd with the Appellation, there are very few who are *Gentlemen* in reality. Pity it were but that so noble a Character shou'd be clear'd from it's Rubbish, and made to shine again in its genuine Lustre: A Character so sacred, wherein all the Virtues meet, tho' (like the Virtues themselves) sacrilegiously confounded with the opposite Vices.

DOES then beggarly *Virtue* claim this honourable Title, the undoubted Right of *Birth and Grandeur*, the just Prerogative of *Riches and Honour*, the incontest'd Priviledge of the more *fashionable Vices*?

EUGENIO and *Crispinus* make different Pretensions, and each demands this Honour in Opposition to the other.

EUGENIO is descended of an illustrious Family, *and is therefore a Gentleman*, tho' he is Himself the greatest Disgrace to it. A Race of Worthies and Patriots adorn his Line, *and make him a Gentleman*, tho' he can boast no one Action, but what his Ancestors wou'd blush at. His Father was the Right Hon. Ld. * * * * *, *and he is a Gentleman* for being his Son. In a Word, The Blood of Peers runs thro all his Veins *and makes him a Gentleman from Top to Toe*. Thus *Eugenio* snatches other's Lawrels, and loads Himself with borrow'd Honours. His Fore-fathers Deeds palliate

On several OCCASIONS. 67

liate his Own, and He raises him a Panegyric from their Encomiums.

CRISPINUS is *Eugenio's* Reverse. *Eugenio* deriv'd his Nobility from his Ancestors; *Crispinus* form'd his own Greatness. *Eugenio* was attended with a Levee of Courtiers, *Crispinus* was only waited on by a lifeless * Image of Wax. *Eugenio's* Extravagance has reduc'd him to a Fidler; *Crispinus* from a Cobler is become Secretary of State. *Eugenio* boasts the empty Titles of his Birth; *Crispinus* prides himself in the Multitude of his Riches. *Eugenio* despises *Crispinus* for his former Mean-ness; *Crispinus* overlooks *Eugenio* for his present Necessities. The one supports Honour by Right of Inheritance; the other claims it by Right of Acquisition. *Eugenio* measures a Gentleman by his Coat of Arms and Titles; *Crispinus* by his Hundreds; as *nine Taylors make a Man*. In a Word, *Eugenio's Gentleman* is an Image dress'd up with Star and Garter, and a Feather; *Crispinus's*, an Idol of Gold, to which Men pay so much Reverence and Adoration. If we enquire what Good they have done: The One has consum'd a fine Estate in Luxury; the Other has scratch'd One up by Oppression.

THE next in my List is Mr. *Mody*; Mr. *Mody* is the very *Pink of Gentility*. The Essence of which he makes to consist in a nice

E 2

Distinction

* Alluding to a Story (I think) in the *Spectator*.

distinction from the Herd of Mankind. He won't see the Sun with vulgar Mortals and is even sick to breath the same common Air with them. One would take him to be some superior Being, and all below him the Scum of the Earth. He is one of those who denominate themselves *Gentlemen of Pleasure*. The Park and Play, Masquerade and Opera, the Coffee-house and Ruffling-board are his Field of Action, his Scene of Life. He dances genteely, hums a Song politely, and will take a Pinch of Snuff with as fine an Air, as any Man whatsoever. From his Peruke to his Slipper he is *Alamode Cap-a-pee*. All the Ladies count him a *pretty Gentleman*. His highest Ambition indeed is to be a *Woman's Man*. His Qualifications are exquisite this Way. He is an excellent Judge of Colours; adjusts a Patch with the utmost Propriety, and criticizes extremely well upon a Suit of Cloaths.

Note, No-body makes a better Leg.

BUT let me not omit the Noble Captain *Bluff*. The Ladies call him Captain *Blunt*. His Name I will not so much insist upon, but pass on to his shining Qualities. And first, the Cock of his Hat gives him such a Share— of *Respect*! and his Gigantick Strut draws upon him all Eyes. His Arms a *Kimbo* proclaim his Worth, and jostle him Room wherever he comes. Indeed his Looks and Words and whole Deportment bespeak him a Person of Figure and Importance. He swears *like a Gentleman*, gets drunk *like a Gentleman*, whores
like

like a Gentleman, and has all the vicious Characters of a *modern Gentleman*. He values himself much upon his Blasphemies and Impieties; the Virgins he has deflower'd; and Murders he has committed in Duels. To sum up his Character in a word or two — He maintains his Dignity by repeated Insults upon Mankind, and a constant Defiance of his great Creator.

THUS One is a *Gentleman* by Virtue of Birth and Title; Another purchases the Honour with a little Dross of the Earth; A Third is dignify'd with it for his pretty polite Fooleries; and this arrogates it to Vice and Immorality. So may it be conferr'd upon a well-descended *Steed*, an *Ass* with gold Trappings, a * well-bred *Monkey* or *Hyrceanian Tyger*.

AND is *this* then that Worth, that Dignity, the grand Characteristics and Badges of Greatness? These the utmost Aspirings of the human Nature, the noble Ambition of a rational Mind? Were Mankind born to no higher Views, were they form'd to no better Purposes? Is Nobility only to swell our Vanity, the Bounties of Heaven, to be subservient to our Vices? If *This* be its mighty Importance, the *Gentleman* is a Character of no Worth, and honest *Quintius* at the Plow-tail is more *Noble* in his *ignoble Obscurity*. This worthy Yeoman is remarkable for his rough good Sense, and a plain natural Simplicity of Manners. The hearty old Man blesses Heaven, that he came

* Alluding to the Monkey in Gay's Fables.

came of the *antient* Family of good old *Adam*, and Dame *Eve*. And next that he follows his Father *Adam's* Trade and is a *Tiller of Ground*: “For I take Father *Adam* (says he) “to have been as good a *Gentleman*, as any “Squire in our County”. As he regards all Mankind as his Fellow-brethren, he treats them all with Love and Benevolence. He is a *living Satyr* upon the Pride of the Age.

BUT would you see the *Gentleman* in all his Dignity, his Splendor, his Glory, his Beauty of Perfection, turn up your Eyes to *Atticus*, and view in the *Original* [that Nobleness of Soul which my Pen can but faintly copy.

A M I D S T all the Temptations of Birth, Honour, and Titles, what a native Humility shines around him, and adorns him more than all the Pageantry of Pride and Pomp of Grandeur. Tho' he knows no Superior, yet he thinks none below him; tho' he's rank'd with Peers and Princes, yet his Condescension levels him with the Meanest. His Riches serve not to pamper his Luxury, and administer to the Uses of Vice and Folly, but to the noble Exercise of good and worthy Actions, of which his whole Life has been a constant Scene. No one has a more delicate Address (and there is a Grace not to be flighted in a *well-bred Manner*) But his Politeness and Beauties of Behaviour are the happy Result of a certain Greatness of Soul; and are not seen in a foolish affected Train of Fopperies. In a word——hi
Great

On several OCCASIONS. 71

Greatness fits easy upon him, his Condescensions appear graceful. His highest Ambition is to be *Good*, his utmost Aspirings to be *truly Great*.



The PEDANT.

(1)

ALL Day ypent, the Sunshine spent
In nodding blinking twinkling,
From Hole at Night forth takes its Flight
This *solemn Thing most thinking*.

(2)

With sober Mein the Creature's seen,
And Phiz sedately dull;
It's Head contains a little Brains,
Well lodg'd in solid Skull.

(3)

Ye Sages wise, whose Learning pries
Into Beast, Fish, and Fowl,
Say is not this (O Nat'ralists)
A Species of the *Owl*.

EPI-



EPIGRAM.

(1)

BLUSH, *Sons of Wisdom*, whose the Joys
 Of Heav'n above the Prize are ;
 That * *Fools of this World* worldly Toys
 Seek, and yet seek them *wiser*.

(2)

Happy Exchange to both were made,
 To make Affairs more ev'n ;
 If *Tbey* would less persue a *Shade*
 And *You* press more for *Heav'n* !

* Luke xvi, 8.



Trahit



Trahit sua quemq; Voluptas.

NATURE to each of ev'ry Kind
His proper Pleasure has assign'd.
The *Birds* the *Air*, the *Fishes* skim
In wanton Rounds the silver *Stream*:
To chatter is the *Pie's* delight,
H * **s to *rail*, and *Mine* to *write*.
Were *Madam* and the chatt'ring *Pie*
Depriv'd their *Tongues*, my *Pen* were *I*,
The *Fish* his *Wave*, the *Bird* his *Skie*,
Out of our *Element* alike, we *die*.

}



The BEES and DRONES.

A FABLE.

SOME *Bees* and *Drones* and *Wasps* possess'd
Jointly one *Hive*, their common *Nest*;
And all *Dissent*ion to prevent,
Had form'd a little *Government*,
The *Bees*, a busy active *Race*,
Sipp'd ev'ry *Flower* from *Place* to *Place*;
Each

Each Hour came richly laden Home
With the rich Sweets that form the Comb.
Not so the *Drones*—different their Natures:
They lifeless dull slow heavy Creatures,
In Sleep and Sloth spent Day and Night,
To hum and buz their dear Delight;
Nor brook'd the pert and busy *Bee*;
(*For different Tempers ill agree*)
They lov'd their Honey; but their Stings—
They fain would draw those prickly Things.
The *Wasps* who deal in Discontent,
Love Feuds and Fierceness to foment,
Promis'd their Aids against the *Bee*,
To rout their common Enemy;
To spoil him of his dang'rous Arms;
And guard the *Drones* against all Harms.
But this, to get the upper *Station*,
And then to lord it o'er the Nation.
The *Bees*, a Sett of gen'rous Souls,
Cou'd ne'er submit to *Drones* Contralls;
Their Rights asserted in the Field,
And made their sluggish Foes to yield.
Assham'd and vex'd to lose the Day,
The *Drones* now threat to fly away.
When thus a *Bee*: “Fly, fly O *Drone*;
“*Cheer Friends; the Hive is all our Own.*

*Some Folks, no matter wrong or right,
Will have their Will, or have their Spight.
And threaten tho' they cannot bite.*



An ORPHAN to his BENEFACTRESS.

Most honour'd Madam,

THE just Sense I have of the highest Obligations to your Goodness, next to Heaven, inspires me with a constant Act of Gratitude to It and You: To It, as the Fountain of all Good from whence flow the many Blessings we daily enjoy; and to You, Madam, as one of it's faithful Stewards, who help to dispence it's Bounty to the Needs of it's poor indigent Creatures, and by such a god-like Beneficence give us a true Estimate of our infinite Obligations to the great Father of Mercies.

THE good Concern Madam, you express at once for my temporal and eternal Happiness, in the Provision both for my Soul and Body, protecting (as much as in you lies) the one from Want and the other from Sin, by the complicated Charity of Relief and Advice, as it nearly makes you resemble our heavenly Father, so it will infallibly entitle you to his Favour who is the great Rewarder of all Good: And such your generous Care to the distressed will

will (I doubt not) reap the full Reward of it's pious Labours, will draw down upon you a Series of Blessings here, and crown you with eternal Felicity hereafter.

AND if the Prayers of his suffering Servants have their promis'd Prevalence with Almighty God ; if their fervent Zeal to the Throne of Grace has the Power to call down Blessings upon their merciful Benefactors (and the Offerings of a grateful Heart are not wholly rejected) it shall be my constant Employment to join the hearty Petitions of those many poor reliev'd Souls (as many there are that bless your charitable Hand) and, as the best Return I can make to your unmerited abundant Goodness, humbly implore down upon your Head the Fulness of that Reward which is reserv'd for the Righteous. *I am*

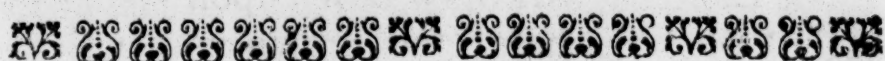
M A D A M,

Your Most Oblig'd,

And Humble Servant.



EPISTLE



EPISTLE to SYLVIA.

SYLVIA,

MAY gentlest Thoughts inspire thy Breast;
In Calms subside thy Mind; so read the
(rest.

Serene as thy young Beauties be thy Heart;
And soft as those sweet Fires, thy Eyes im-
(part:

Thus may my Vows invade thy pitying Ear;
Thus may'st thou read, and sigh, and smile,
and chear;

Read, and read o'er again these Lines oft red;
Nor strike with Cruelty thy Lover dead;
Propitious to my ardent Passion prove;
Repay with the like warm Returns of Love
My Vows the fondest, softest, most sincere,
The faithfull'st Swain did ever breath, the fair-
(est Virgin hear.

O couldst thou see, bright Nymph, what
(Pains possels,

What raging Pains possels my tortur'd Breast!
Ah! how I burn! So on th' Oetean Pyre
Devour'd with Flames, did *Hercules* expire.
And

And can thy Heart, thy tender Heart, bright
 (Maid, }
 See me thus die, nor yield thy gen'rous Aid; }
 Does no kind Pity that soft Breast invade? }

O may my Love a mutual Love inspire!
 Melt thee my Pains, and soften thee my Fire!

From me, alas! is vanish'd all Delight;
 Alike unjoyous to my sickning Sight
 The silver Beams of Day and silent Shades }
 Night. }

Whether thro' flow'ry Fields I pensive rove;
 Or wander devious in the silent Grove;
 And listning hear the warbling feather'd
 (Throng,

In various Notes pour forth the tuneful Song
 Studios in vain I try to banish Grief;

In vain to raging Love I seek Relief:
 Nor feather'd Warblers now, nor flow'ry
 (Field,

Nor silent Grove can any Pleasure yield.

Oh! will this racking Mis'ry never cease?
 Does *Love* no Measure know, admit no Ease?
 Ah cruel *Love*, sure sprung from Tyger's
 (Blood,

Hard as the Rocks, and deafer than the Flood.

Not so young *Damon* erst devoid of Care;
 E're yet pale Love had taught him to despair.
 Witness

On several OCCASIONS. 79

Witness, ye Mates, how flew the unheeded

(Day,

Wing'd with young Joys, and ever bright and

(gay.

Now All I fly ; ye dear Delights adieu !

Joyless is all the World fair Nymph—but

(You.

My trembling Hand has done----- but ne'er

(enough,

Till it join Yours, and crown my happy Love.

D A M O N.



CHLOE Frowning.

DESIST, fair Nymph ; for ah ! in Vain

(you try

With a forc'd Frown to arm that softer

(Eye :

In vain alas ! you use this cruel Art ;

Ill suits it with the Dictates of that Heart,

Where gentler Thoughts kind Nature did

(impart.)

Let trembling Slaves dread their stern Ty-

(rant's Ire ;

While his fierce Eye-balls dart indignant Fire.

His

His awful Brow may strike a servile Dread ;
But not one Wrinkle *Chloe's* can invade.
Her Eyes untaught to burn with vengeful
(Fire,
Can only languish with a soft Desire.



The PARTING.

A SONG.

(I)

No more; Sweet lovely Mourner cease
Those pearly Sorrows to distill:
Ill-shine our Stars and Fate decrees:

And who can move th' *Eternal Will*?

Cease in fad Show'rs to shroud that beauteous

(Light :

Soon may our Storms dissolve, our Stars grow

(bright.

(2)

Some gentle Hour's propitious Blast

May the Skie's wintry Horrors chace ;

And

On several OCCASIONS. 81

And Heav'n with gather'd Gloom o'ercast,
Yield its black Shades to *Phabus'* Rays.
Again it's clouded Brow serene display
It's wonted Smiles, and shine with brightest
(Day.

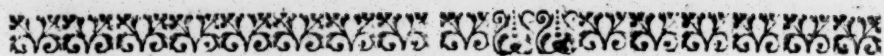
(3)

Let us our soft Distress resign
Pious to pitying Powers above;
Nor thus with fruitless Griefs repine
At our unhappy, ill-starr'd Love:
Malignant *Fate* in vain poor Lovers parts;
Unsever'd e'er are well-united Hearts.

(4)

No— My firm Vows and plighted Love
Shall from my *Phillis*; ne'er decline;
Tho' *Fortune* frown, tho' *Fates* remove,
Tho' *Poles* the distant Pair disjoin;
No, tho' the Frozen *Alpes* with Seas conspire,
Nor Seas nor frozen *Alpes* can quench my
(Fire,

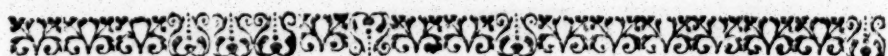




EPITAPH *for* A. M.

Who died Feb. 19, 1732.

A Duteous Daughter, and a tender Wife,
(Virtuous alike in ev'ry Scene of Life)
The kindest Sister, firmest Friend, lies here ;
Who ne'er till now, now claims a common
(Tear.
Dear in her Life, lamented in her End,
At once by Father, Brother, Husband, Friend.



EPITAPH *for* WALTER WORLDLY.

READER, here *Worldly* lies ; say not in
 (Death,
 But scuffling, bustling, tir'd, and out of
 (Breath,
 He's now laid down to *Rest*. Then as you go,
 Pray, wish his weary'd Bones a *bon Repos*.

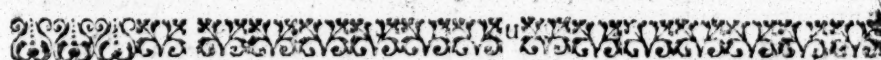
To



To PROBŪS,

AN EPIGRAM.

PROBUS, thy Life's the *oddest* one can find ;
So *regularly* *devious* from Mankind.
Stern *Foe* to *Vice*, as fast a *Friend* to *Worth* ;
Thou art not fit to *dwell* upon the *Earth*.
I never flatter : I must say, to *live* in
The fittest Place for Thee, I know, is — *Heav'n*.



*Has She any * Grains?*

An EPIGRAM.

O L D Grypus was fetter'd in *Celia's* bright
 (Chains,
 When strait he was sniffing, to smell out the
 (Grains.
 Go thou *Hog* with thy *Grains*, that dear Treas-
 (sure of thine;
 Fair *Celia* a *Pearl* is — not cast to a *Swine*.

F 2

Written

* *A modern Term for Money.*



Written in CELIA'S Prayer-book.

HENCE taught, bright Maid, exalt th'
 (aspiring Soul,
 With pious Ardor wafted to the Pole.

There mixt with kindred Saints in Raptures
(rove,

Converse with Angels and the Gods above.

So may'ft thou all the Depths of Love discern;

So may'st thou Mercies bright Perfections
(learn.

From Heav'n thoul't learn (Be that great Pat-
tern thine)

How godlike Love; and Pity how divine!

With humble Joy then meditate thy Worth,
Lest Pride o'erthrow, regard thy Parent Earth,
That tho' for Heav'n design'd, from Dust
(thou took'st thy Birth.

Tho pure as Saints, tho bright as Angels,
(know,

Thy self's like us expos'd to Death and Woe,
Daughter of frail Mortality below.

LOVE:



LOVE: *An ODE.*

(1)

WHAT God, what Hero, or what King,
In nobler Numbers shall I sing,
Born aloft on *Pindar's* Wing?
Whose Acts shall I in soaring Verse,
With glorious Ardour fir'd, rehearse?
To whom raise my Voice, and sound the vo-
(cal String?
Shall my unexperienc'd Lays,
Untaught to tell the Hero's Praise,
Sudden rise?

My Muse advent'rous wing her Flight,
Thro' cleaving Clouds, a daring Height,
And with unbridled Force affect the Skies?

(2)

Begin with *Jove* the heav'nly Song;
Prime Honours do to *Jove* belong.
Jove, King of Heav'n and Earth, tremendous
(Lord!
By th' Arms of his Omnipotence secur'd,
Blindly by Pride (their chiefest Weakness) led,
Aspiring Earth-born *Titans* durst invade:

See

See fierce Rebellion shakes th' eternal Reign,
While shudd'ring Gods confess a coward

(Dread;

But ah, see Rebellion threats fiercely in vain;

And why shudder the Powers while *Jove* is

(their Head?

Jove, Heav'n's great Sov'reign, Earth's tre-

(mendous Lord,

Arm'd with Omnipotence remains secur'd.

Vain Threats! Th' Almighty rose and soon

(repell'd

Their rebel Arms, their rash Attempts soon

(quell'd

Thus sung the Bards: Immortal Song! But I

Whom softer Themes and gentler Wars em-

(ploy

The glorious Task must quit; with hideous

(Yell

How from Heaven's Height,

Hurl'd by their angry King's avenging Might,

The Rebel-race loud-bellowing downwards

(fell.

Hark thro' the Skies hoarse Thunders roll,

And shake the Pole;

Perfuing Lightnings dreadful glare,

Widely finge the dusky Air,

And

On several OCCASIONS. 87

And all the dread Creator's fiery Wrath de-
(clare.

All Heaven refounded,
Sea and Earth wide rebounded,
And Hell was confounded
With horrible Affright !

(3)

Now a milder Look he wears,
Gayly smiling All appears ;
Fair *Europa's* Charms engage,
Smooth his Brow, and calm his Rage.

Am'rous Fires,
Soft Desires

All his raptur'd Soul employ ;
Beauty's Pow'rs
Lead the Hour's

In a constant Round of Joy.
On his Fair-one's downy Breast
(Blissful Seat of balmy Rest)

The Captive-Deity seems alone
To fix his Throne,

And Heavn's immortal Bliss to earthly Joys
(postpone.

No more th' eternal Robes of Majesty
The Spacious Courts of high *Olympus*
(hoast ;
Neglected

Neglected all his Pomp and Grandeur lie,
And all the God is in the Lover lost.
Almighty *Jove*, who rebel Arms,
And the fierce Giant-race sustains,
Victorious *Love* o'erpow'rs, disarms,
And leads him Captive in his silken Chains.

(4)

Potent *Cupid* conquers all ;
 Potent *Cupid* will I sing ;
 Kings, Heroes, Gods promiscuous fall
 To *Love* my Hero, God, and King.
 Hail Mighty Deity of Love,
 Rever'd of Men and Gods above ;
 I thy present Aid implore,
 Thy sov'reign Pow'r confess adore :
 O guide my Fingers on the trembling String,
 (*Beauty* inspire and Thou, *Love*, teach to sing)
 Soft the Notes as vernal Air,
 Fanning Gales that *Zephyr* breaths,
 When crown'd with Flow'rs and fra-
 (grant Wreaths,
 On his *Flora's* Paps reclin'd,
 Bloomy Fair !
 Sighs, melts, and dies away the am'rous Wind.

(5)

Cytherea, beauteous Dame,
Thou too thy Vot'ry's Breast inspire;
Bright

On several OCCASIONS. 89

Bright Goddess, with thy Presence fire,
And kindle up the glowing Flame.

Ev'ry *Grace* and ev'ry *Love*,

Ev'ry softer Pow'r above

Gentle Train !

Kindly aid the *Cyprian* Song,

Gently move my tuneful Tongue

In sweetly melting Sounds and a soft dying

(Strain,

Such the Strain as *Venus* loves ;

Such as *Cupid* too approves ;

Gentle as a falling Tear ;

Tender as the Thoughts that rise

From unhappy Lovers Hearts ;

Softer than the dying Sighs,

Some deserted Nymph imparts.

More soft and tender than the downy Pair

Yok'd in bright *Cytherea's* purple Car.

Love and *Venus* claim my Lays ;

Love with *Venus* equal sways ;

A like their Honours, common be their Praise

(6)

Bear me, O bear me, gentle Loves,

Beneath your Shades and sacred Groves ;

Where twine in amrous Folds th'encircling

(Bow'rs,

And balmy Fragrance breathe the op'ning

(Flowers.

Does

Does *Fancy* spread her airy Reign,
 And pow'rful Vision paint the Scene,
 Illusions gay beguiling?
 Or all *Elisium* round me rise,
 Brighter Heav'ns and purer Skies,
 Purpled with a blusky Grace?

See Nature how serenely smiling
 In her liveliest, gayest Dress!
 Bloomy Joys, and boundless Pleasure,
 Rapt'rous Bliss beyond Measure,
 Sweetly swim upon my Sight,
 Softly steal into my Soul,
 And swell the Whole
 With Floods of vast Delight.

(7)

I see — or seem to see invade
 Verdant Plain, and flow'ry Mead,
 Rocks and Rills and gentle Things,
 Cooling Shades, and silver Springs,
 Here a Grove, a Grotto there,
 With leafy Verdure crown'd the Hills,
 Golden Carpets spread the Fields,
 And Spring eternal decks th' unfading Year.

Thro' all th' enchanting Ground,
 Nought is seen, and Nought to hear,
 But Beauty, Love, and gentle Sound.
 Hark in sweet melodious Strains
 The feather'd Songster soft complains,

And

On several OCCASIONS. 91

And warbling fooths his pleasing Pains.
The Floods dissolve and weep their Woe.
And melt and murmur as they flow.
Nor rigid Oaks relentless prove,
Ev'n rigid Oaks too bend to Love;
(Love rules the shady Grove)
Softly they seem to send a Sigh,
And Oaks in symphathetic Airs reply.

(8)

Lo on a Bed of Sweets repos'd,
In all her dazling Pride inclos'd,
Love's bright Parent, Beauty's Queen,
Amidst her little Guards is seen:
Ev'ry Beauty, Grace, and Air,
Duteous wait the heav'nly Fair.
Oh ! the Glances, oh ! the Smiles,
Looks delusive, am'rous Wiles,
Oh ! the Troops of Loves that join,
The thousand Graces that combine,
In the treachrous Design.
How they act a mimic War,
Little Ambushes prepare,
Little Sieges how the form,
How attack, and how they storm,
How unguarded Hearts ensnare.
From th Artillery of her Eye
Show'rs of pointed Arrows fly,
Widely

Widely scatt'ring deal around
 The tort'ring, twinging Wound.
 See thro' the Glade th' expiring Wretches lie,
 A pale-ey'd Throng of Lovers living die,
 Melt out their Souls in Tears, and breathe 'em
 (in a Sigh.
 Love's subtle Poyson preying on the Heart,
 Pleasing Anguish ! aking Joys !
 Tickles, and gnaws, and wastes the vital Part,
 And Syren-like, at once delights us and de-
 (stroys.

(9)

Ah ! cruel *Cupid*, spare the Slave !
 Severe to punish, slow to save.
 Of all the Deities *thou alone*
 Tyrant-like consum'st thy Own;
 Severe to punish slow to save,
 Cruel *Cupid*, spare thy Slave !
 By specious Pleasures drawn to real Ills,
 We tread thy Groves, and taste thy
 (Springs
 Ye Groves of Roses, and ye nectar'd Rills,
 Dear tempting irresistible Things !
 What ambush'd Dangers dire beneath you lie
 Your Roses struck with Thorns, your Ho-
 ney Stings !
 We pluck and bleed, and as we taste we die.
 In

On several OCCASIONS. 93

(10)

In vain, in vain our Souls we arm,
And steel our Breasts to Beauty's Charm,
From Love and Passion fly;
In vain from antient Lore and Schools
We glean grave Morals and sage Rules;
In vain call Reason to our Aid,
With our collected Pow'rs invade
The irresistible Foe in vain:
Nor Rules can guide, nor Reason rein,
Precepts nor Morals can restrain,
Nor Virtue shield, nor Learning fortify.
Beauty's Pow'rs, subtle Foe,
Soft, insinuating, fly,
By stealth invade.
Pierce thro' our steely Breasts, our Souls dis-
(arm,
Our Reas'ning Powers in Triumph lead,
And all our best Resolves o'erthrow:
So weak our Force, so pow'rful Beauty's Charm!





The *RING*: A POEM.

Occasion'd by the Honour of a *RING*, at
Parting, from a young Lady ; here cele-
brated under the Name of *FULVIA*.

*Happy the Hands that wear thy sacred Rings !
They'll teach those Hands to write mysterious
(Things.*

COWLEY.

(1)

WHether in wild adventurous Dance
This *ALL* by blind unactive *Chance*
Fortuitously move ;
Or rather, rul'd by *Jove's* wise Reign,
A beauteous Harmony maintain,
It is not mine to prove.

(2)

*That all created Things are found
For ever dancing round and round
In one eternal Ring ;
War begets Peace, Peace again War ;*

Well

On several OCCASIONS. 95

Well sings that shrew'd old Observer
And Poet *Vincent Wing*.

(3)

No more let Bards of *Fortune's Wheel*,
Pandora's Box of Good and Ill,
And ruling *Planets* sing :
My *Muse* shall prove, *That Joy and Woe*,
And all our Fate and Fortune flow
From the mysterious *Ring*.

(4)

This is the bright *Pandora's Box*,
(The *Muse* adventrous now unlocks)
This Fortun's Lott'ry-Wheel:
This ruling *Planets* rules, as well
As *Men* ; and awes the *Pow'r's of Hell*,
Confines the very D——L

(5)

To *Fulvia* this Lay is due :
Nor thou sweet Maid, disdain to view
(What you inspir'd) the *RING*.
If you but smile upon your Swain,
To loftier Notes he'll raise his Strain,
And strike a stronger String.

(6)

O Thou disclose thy wondrous Stores,
Great *Circle* ! May thy mystic Pow'rs
To Sight unfolded lye ;

The

The *Muse* with rising Rapture fir'd,
 With *Homer's* Voice shall sing inspir'd,
 And view with *Euclid's* Eye.

(7)

Thus while deep *Aristotle* fought
 With all the piercing Reach of Thought
 To trace the winding *Arch* ;
 Lost he beholds with just Surprise,
 A reg'lar *Maze* around him rise,
 And mock his eager Search.

(8)

In *thee* what *Mysteries* combine !
 How does *Perfection* round thee shine !
 What *Wonders* thee attend !
Motion and *Rest* join in thy Birth !
 From fruitful *Nothing* thou call'd forth,
Beginning know'st, nor *End* !

(9)

All Nature owns thy mighty Sway ;
 Ten Thousand Worlds thy Pow'r obey,
 In circling Journies roll'd ;
 World against World would wildly rush,
 And straggling Orbs each other crush,
 But by thy Laws controll'd.

Net

On several OCCASIONS. 97

(10)

Not to digress beyond our Sphere ;
Let us descend from Worlds so far,
And Arguments abstruser——
The little *Monkey's* Case and *Mine*
Will make the Truths (I'm preaching) shine
In all their fullest Lustre.

(11)

Poor *Pug* from Woods (prepost'rous Doom !)
Curst Captive in fair *Chloe's* Room
Does not his * *Ring* detain ?
How happy would *Fidelio* be,
To share *Pug's* milder Destiny,
And wear his Rival's Chain !

(12)

Blest in my *Fulvia's* gentle Sway,
The Hours unheeded roll'd away
In Joys and soft Delight :
But ah ! what Grief attends my *Ring* !
At once my golden Moments wing
Their everlasting Flight.

(13)

Alas my *Fulvia* must be gone :
Too soon the killing Tale is known.
O cruel Power's above !

G

The

* Collar.

The gentle Maid a *Ring* bestows,
 The dear ! sad ! Pledge of Love and Woes,
 Woes sharp ! and hapless Love !

(14)

Thus *Merlin* some poor Knight retains
 In airy Bonds and magic Chains ;
 (As say your learn'd *Romances*)
 'Midst stately Castles while he roves
 Delicious Walks and shady Groves ;
 (Bright Scenes of Poets Fancies)

(15)

And to some visionary Dame
 Deluded vows eternal Flame,
 In am'rous Mood converses ;
 Sudden invades some potent Sprite
 With mystic Charm, and mutt'ring Rite ;
 And all the Spell disperses.

(16)

The great Sir *Plume* a Vassal lies
 To haughty *Flavia's* sparkling Eyes,
 Her radiant Form admires ;
Me Fulvia with far other Charms
 Her faithful Slave no less disarms,
 And warms with softer Fires,

Tho'

On several OCCASIONS. 99

(17)

Tho' *Thou* art *brown* : tho' *Flavia*, bright
With orient Rays of new-sprung Light,
Dazle the World below :
Thy milder Beams, dear Maid, dispense
A warm, kind, genial Influence ;
While *Flavia's* freeze with Snow.

(18)

Soft as the Down of Swans that skim
Along *Mæander's* winding Stream,
Thy Mind ; their Voice too, thine ;
While spotless as their Plumes, thy Soul
Adds beauteous Lustre to the Whole,
And makes Thee all divine !

(19)

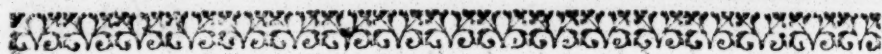
In vain has *Nature* Thee deny'd
A dazling Form and glaring Pride,
Thy Sexes empty Praise :
Bold *Fancy* from th' unsullied Mind
Draws brighter Charms, and makes thee shine
With more than *Flavia's* Rays.

(20)

Oh wou'd my *Ring* propitious prove,
And *circling* Joys attend my Love ;
No more I'd blame my Fate.



In lasting Ties the *Ring* shou'd bind
Our Souls, the *Loves* have long since join'd ;
And *Hymen* all compleat.



The APOTHEOSIS.

A

S O N G.

(1)

WITH the Voice of the Spheres ;
With a Form that appears
Drest in new-blushing Light, like the opening
(East ;
Such Eyes, and such Fires, Looks, Graces,
(and Airs,
My *Celia's* a *Goddeſs* confeſt !

(2).

While I gaze and Love warms ;
While diſſolv'd in her Arms,
I regale with unſatiating Pleaſures each Senſe,
In Variety rove midſt a Heav'n of Charms,
Rank'd in Blifs too a *God* I commence !

Ye

On several OCCASIONS. 101

Ye great Rivals above,
King of Gods, mighty *Jove*,
And thou bright *Cytherea*, O Beauty o' th'
(Skies,
Who melt in soft Transports of Bliss and
(of Love,
Say, has *Venus* more Charms, *Jove* more
(Joys?



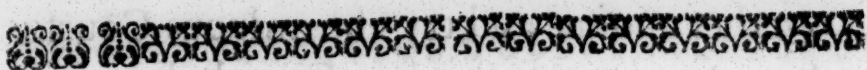
To * * * * * *A Simile.*

*In answer to a Copy of Verses, requesting a like
Return.*

AS, when some nobler Bird prepares to rise,
Spreads his strong Plumes, and bold as-
(fects the Skies,
With Melody and Greatness wings his Way,
Fires with his lofty Flight and tuneful Lay,
Each little Breast distends with joyful Pride,
Burns each young Bird to trace the Master-
(guide;
The ardent Rivals eager prune the Wing,
And tune their Throats, em'lous to soar and
(sing;
With

With like Ambition but unequal Force
Together mount and try the arduous Course.
So when you first, dear Friend, begin the
(Song,
And in soft Numbers move your tuneful
(Tongue ;
While * * * * views his * * * * 's nervous
(Lines
Where *manly* Sense with *female* Sweetness {
(joins,
And like Himself in native Beauty shines ; }
By Thee inspir'd my humble Voice I raise,
Tune to thy liquid Sounds my artless Lays,
And catch *insensibly* the glowing Flame,
Sweetly seduc'd with Thee to tread the Paths
of Fame





A
S O N G.

Made over a Glass of Wine.

(1)

G I V E me *Love* ! Bring me *Wine* !
Hence ye thin frigid *Nine*,
Who sip *Aganippe*'s cold Streams :
'Tis young *Bacchus* inspires,
'Tis fair *Venus* that fires,
They fill with brisk Joys and bright Flames.

(2)

Let the tempting fair *Eve*
My gay Moments deceive,
She my Guest and *Champaigne* be my *Liquor*,
I attest my God, *Love*,
I'd not rival great *Jove*
In his *Juno*, his Heaven, and Nectar.

The



The Power of Beauty :

A T A L E.

(1)

EAT up with *Hyp* and *Vapours* quite,
Once *Strephon* in a peevish Plight
Fell out with ev'ry Thing below,
Himself, and ev'n — *his dearest Chlo.*

(2)

What a poor Wretch he cry'd, is Man?
That little Insect of a *Span*;
Who, call'd the *Lord* of ev'ry Creature,
Is yet the veriest *Slave* in Nature !

(3)

Where is his boasted Strength of Soul?
Subject to each *Coquett's* Controll.
Gives she the Nod? the Vassal flies,
Or trembling stands beneath her Eyes.

(4)

The very best Perfections to Man
Are Pimps to serve this Idol, W O M A N.
His Eloquence must swell her Pride,
And all his Art her Follies hide.

Base

(5)

*Base Slav'ry ! cry'd he, with a Sigh ;
Gods give more Strength or let me die.
Chlo came and smil'd---- He chang'd to Give
O give me Chlo, and let me live.*



TO BELINDA;

*Occasion'd by a Tale, representing the
Falshood of our Sex.*

MUST all our Sex be blam'd for one,
And one in *Fiction* too ?
Let One at least (or he's undone)
Your *Florio* be thought true:

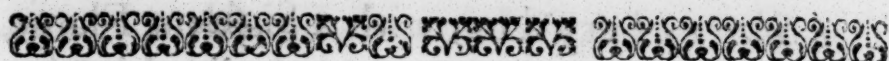
(2)

If *Florio's* false, 'tis to *himself* ;
His *Heart's* betray'd, not *You* ;
To *Love* betray'd, that pilfring Elf ;
To *You* he's ever true.

(3)

Let not your *Florio* then be brought
Into the faithless Crew :
Rather may all our Sex be thought,
Like honest *Florio* true.

The

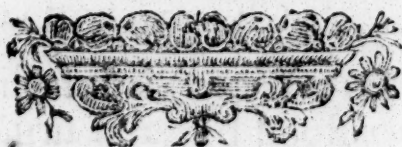


The LOOKING-GLASS.

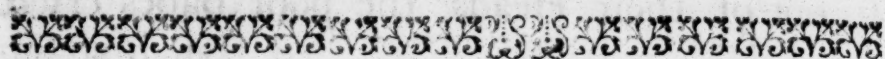
AS *Damon* whole Hours was glutting his
 (Sight
 On *Phillis* in Picture with endless Delight;
 Was tracing each Line of her Body and Face,
 Calling up to his View ev'ry Beauty and
 (Grace;
 The Roses that blush'd in her Lip and her
 (Cheek;
 The snowy-white Lillies that bloom'd in her
 (Neck;
 The killing soft Fires that shot from her Eye,
 That pierc'd him afresh, and again made him
 (die:
Belinda with Pity beheld the poor Youth,
 Prais'd *Phillis's* Charms, and commended his
 (Truth.
 Her *Strephon* stood by, and urg'd on by *Love's*
 (Power.
 Seiz'd the blooming young Nymph in the
 (happy soft Hour:
 " Step hither, I'll shew you a far brighter
 (Dame,
 And

On several OCCASIONS. 107

- “ And a Youth that consumes in a more ar-
(dent Flame.
This said — to the Glass led the blushing
fair Maid,
And pointed her Charms in the blushing fair
(Shade.
“ Lo here’s the bright Nymph in this Pic-
(ture of You,
“ A Picture more just not *Apelles* e’er drew ;
“ No mimicking Canvas can boast such fine
(Art ;
“ ’Tis only more brightly impress’d on my
(Heart.
“ On *It* I e’er gaze, burn, languish, and die ;
“ And *Thou’rt* the *bright Nymph*, and the *true*
Lover I.



To



The CALLY-BALLY.

(1)

ONE Morning, 'twas *Sunday*, (are Chil-
dren to blame?
For *Sunday* and *Play-day* to Boys are the same)
Met *Dick*, *Dill* and *Davy*, ne'er whipt for
(being naughty;
Your Mammies, young Rogues better fed ye
(than taught ye.

(2)

They met on the Sabbath ; what then ? Why
(to play—
The better the Deed is, the better the Day—
O Dame use the Rod, or each Mother's
(Child
(Take *Solomon's Word*) is infallibly spoil'd.

(3)

But to on with my Tale—After long Debates
(past,
What Game? *Cally-bally's* decreed on at last.
And

On several OCCASIONS. 109

And a prettier Diversion they cou'd not devise,
If out of their Heads the poor Babes cry'd
(their Eyes.

(4)

Now to *Namby's* away *belter-skelter* they run,
As hoping that *Namby* at Play wou'd make
(One :

And why? *Namby Pamby* by all is confest
To be ever at Rogu'ry as good as the best.

(5)

This done; up they tune all: *Come Namby,*
(to play,
Come, Namby; the Morn shines as bright as Noon
(day.
Such Musick as this! and from such pretty
(Tongues!
Whom wou'dn't it ravish, to hear their sweet
(Songs!

(6)

Sad Terms of Mankind! and too treacherous
(Fate!
What vexing perplexing Turns wait this frail
(State!
Soon chang'd were their Notes, from a *Sing*
(to a Cry:
They roar'd for an Hour, with Finger in Eye,
For

(7)

For *Namby* young Varlet ! he thought it too
 (foon,
 Cou'd sleep all the Morning, and play when
 (twas Noon :
 So snor'd like a Pig, and prov'd deaf to their
 (Call,
 Till he wak'd with their Cries—— for they
 (cry'd for Ball.

(8)

Poor *Nam* took Compassion, right good-na-
(tur'd Lad
And tho' he'd no Ball, a Pincushion he had,
To dress up his Doll, of rich Velvet 'twas
(made,
For *at Babies* with Misses the Bantling oft
(play'd.

(9)

For a Ball this Pincushion he out to them sent,
 (His Head had a nat'ral mechanical Bent)
 This set 'em a hollowing and skipping like
(mad:
Dill almost run out of the few Wits he had.

(10)

Now these *little Great-infants*, as a Body may
 (say,
 Fell as hard as they cou'd for their Lives to
 (their Play :
 Round

On several OCCASIONS. III

Round and round went the Ball sure never
Here's to *Dilly*— To *Dicky*— And here goes
(more bravely.
(to *Davy*.

(11)

Dill cleverly toft; for they fay that he took
Much better to play at his *Ball* than his *Book*.
Young *Dicky*, brave Boy! too as cleverly
(catch'd,
And fmart little *Davy* his Mates as well
(match'd.

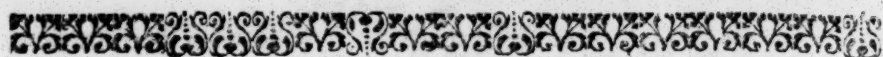
(12)

'Tis the humour of Children, tir'd foon of one
(Play,
They put up their Ball and they pofted away.
To the Meads to get Daifies their Fancies now
led,
And Daffidowndillies to drefs up their Head.

(13)

O gallant young Heros! with Daifies be
(crown'd:
Triumphant on Hobby-horfe ride with Re-
(nown:
So glorious your Feats, fo diftinguifh'd the
(Day,
They deferve to be fung with a loftier Lay!

To



To BELINDA

In the Country,

With the Letters of ABELARD and ELOISA.

(1)

PRETTY Wand'rer say,
 Where thou now dost stray,
 Thro' what Paths thou tak'st thy Way,
 Tell thy absent Lover :
 Say dost thou rove
 Midst the Grove,
 And think on Love?
 Ah fondly all discover :
 For thou art all my Care,
 O lovely, lovely Fair.

(2)

Or beneath the Bow'rs,
 Deck'd in fragrant Flow'rs
 Dost thou pass the pleasing Hours,
 Lost in tender Story?
 Mourn *Eloise*
 With heaving Sighs.

And

On several OCCASIONS. 113.

And trickling Eyes
Unmindful of thy *Flory*?
Ah thy Pity share,
O lovely, lovely Fair.

(3)

Or do with cruel Care
With Needle arm'd my Fair
New Ornaments prepare,
To make that Form more killing?
Lay by those Arms,
Nor dress thy Charms,
Cease new Alarms,
No more of Blood he spilling.
Sheath the pointed Steel,
And cease, Oh ! cease to kill.

(4)

Whate'er thy Thoughts employ,
Whether Grief or Joy
Delight thee or annoy ;
Tell thy absent Lover :
In Joy, and Care,
Hope, and Fear,
A Part I'll bear,
Then fondly all discover :
For thou art all my Care,
O Lovely, Lovely Fair.



Translated from the Latin.

An EPITAPH.

NO Rant the Poet shall rehearse;
No Fiction dress the lying Verse;
No Flatt'ry speak the marble Herse.

Here lyes the Mirrour of the Fair:
Vertue and Modesty her Care;
A Pattern to each wedded Pair!

In Morals, pious, mild, and good;
The hungry Soul she fill'd with Food:
By Virtue rais'd, and noble Blood.

Nor blush, O Marble to display
Her household Arts in humble Lay;
How skill'd to govern and obey!

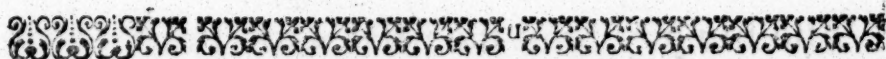
Pity such Goodness e'er should die!
Unless with Saints to quaff on high
Heaven and Immortality.



To the ATHEISTS.

On SACHARISSA.

ON Sacharissa's Glories cast your Eye ;
And henceforth cease so *simply* to blas-
(pHEME.
Convinc'd, you'll not *affrontingly* deny,
Who form'd such Charms, must be a God
(SUPREME.



From OWEN.

To MARCUS.

Who deny'd 'a VACUUM.

An EPIGRAM.

NO Vacuum Man ! Impenetrably dull !
Deny what reigns in thine own dear
(thick Skull ?
H2 Oh



Another from the same.

On PHILLIS.

WITH wily Art and well dissembled
(Flight
As the fly *Parthian* seems to shun the Fight,
With backward Skill full on the pressing Foe
Sent from the twanging Arches of his Bow,
The feather'd Reed flies swift with whizzing
(Sound,
And pointed dire with Death inflicts the fatal
(Wound.
With equal Craft fair *Phillis* bears the Prize;
Sure of the easy Conquest of her Eyes,
Retreating vanquishes, and takes us as she
(flies.)



From a SON to a careless FATHER.

Honour'd SIR,

AS it has from my Youth been ever my constant Study to pay you due Obedience, it is not without the greatest Uneasiness that I am now under the Apprehensions of your Displeasure. The cold and uncommon Reception from a Parent, I lately met with at Home from You, must bespeak some monstrous Act of Disobedience in me. But what shall I impute it to? Could my late Petitions to your Goodness so incense your Mind, as to extinguish in it every Spark of Affection? Consider, Sir, (if I am not entirely cast from your Care) consider the unhappy Circumstance of one, left destitute, like an Orphan, to Himself and a regardless World! Whom have I to apply my self to in my Extremities, but to God and your self?—— Or was it owing to my too warm Expostulations, that seem'd to reflect upon your fatherly Conduct? The Urgency of my Necessities might extort from me some unguarded Expressions (Excess of Trouble, Sir, is hardly restrain'd within Bounds) but they never proceeded from the Defect of filial Duty. Height of Distress will, I hope,
be

be rather the Object of your Pity than Displeasure ; rather find Redress, than become an Aggravation to its Load. I am too well satisfied of the Obligations to Parents, to be unsensible of the Reverence and Obedience due to them ; and am always ready, if I have disoblig'd them, to make all proper Submissions to them, offended. It shall ever be my justest Pride to be humble to my Superiours, and to express my self with all due Respect,

S I R,

Your most Obedient

And dutiful Son.



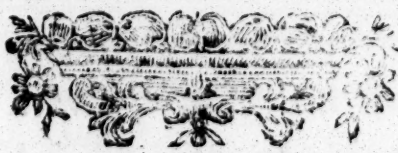


BELLAMOUR to NARCISSA.

I have ventur'd, to make Choice of * * * *
to present you withal; but I fear I am
arming my fair Foe to my Destruction, while
I load those Beauties with the Shafts of *Love*,
that were but too too! killing before. Me-
thinks herein I resemble the Eagle, that gave
Feathers to the Arrow, she perish'd by. And
such must inevitably be my Fate, if Nature in
Perfection can receive Improvement from Art:
For sure there's no resisting the Power of those
Charms, where both Art and Nature conspire
together in our Ruin.

I have sent you too, enclos'd, *Ovid's* Love-
letters in order to amuse you in your leisure
Moments. If you meet with any Lover there
remarkable for his Truth, think 'tis

Your Bellamour.





On FLORA:

(1.)

WHOM, honest *Fidus*, shall we trust?
 Whom? in this loose degen'rate Age,
 When Lewdness and insatiate Lust,
 And Crimes that wou'd defile my Page,
 Lurk in an *Angel's* Form, unseen,
 With *Innocency's* Voice and Mein,
 Such as wou'd win the World to Love,
 And cou'd it *cheat*, wou'd *charm* the Skies
 above.

(2.)

BUT *Heav'n* beholds with other Eyes;
 Nor sees our Acts, like dim-ey'd *Man*;
Heav'n views, thro' all the fair Disguise,
 Our Acts——and Thoughts which *Them*
 (began.
 Ah! what avails this dull Deceit?
 Since *Heav'n* sees thro' the gilded Cheat.
 It may from *Man* win vain Applause;
 But it from purer *Heav'n* just Vengeance draws.



The SCHOOL-MASTER.

An Epigram.

Ἐν τῇ σχολῇ Τυράννης τινος. ACT. xix. 9.

(1)

TH' eternal Page of Truth consigns
One School-Master to Fame;
The sacred Penman well reminds,
That Tyrant was his Name.

(2)

THUS, sev'nteen Hundred Years, we're shown,
Schoolmen have Tyrants been:
And will continue Tyrants on
For evermore, Amen.



HOR:



HOR. LIB. I. O D. 5.

(1)

WHAT well-shap'd Youth beneath a
 (Shade,
 On Beds of flow'ry Fragrance laid,
 Courts *Pyrrha* to his Arms?
 While liquid Effences exhale
 Their Odours in a balmy Gale;
 Sweet Incense to her Charms!

(2)

For whom binds she her flowing Hair,
 (Each golden Tress a fatal Snare!)
 Bedeck'd in artless Pride?
 Ah! false, perfidious, flatt'ring Fair!
 Ah! Youth misled (by what ill Star?)
 To Love's unsteady *Tide*!

(3)

How oft wilt thou, unhappy Swain!
 Of perjur'd Vows and Heav'n complain,
 All Love and all Belief,
 When *Winds* and *Storms* around thee rise,
 And surging *Seas* and black'ning *Skies*,
 Deaf to thy fruitless Grief?

Poor

(4)

Poor Man ! you fondly think her true,
And full of nought but Love and You,
While Smiles a *Calm* bespeak :
Alas ! thy happy-swelling *Sail*
Too soon will find an adverse *Gale*,
And mourn the dismal *Wreck* !

(5)

Unblest ! to whom, like *Ophir's* Gold,
She shines, the Treasure of his Soul,
Compleatly *He* unblest !
For *Me*, thank Heav'n, that troubled *Main*
I've now escap'd, and safe regain
The *Haven* of my Rest.





The Praises of the GOWN.

(I)

Smarts, Dappers, Beaux, Coxcombs and Rakes
 (of the Town,
 Who wou'd *cut a fine Figure* and *strut to Re-*
 (nown,
 Have ye just enough Wit for to read what I
 (write?
 Attend to the Ditty I'm going to endite.

(2)

Say, wou'd ye be reckon'd *wise, learned,* and
(*great,*
With *little in Pocket,* and *less in your Pate?*
Buy a *Gown* : For a *Gown* will procure you
(*Respect,*
At once will look *gay,* and will cover *Defect,*

(3)

In Church and in State from the high P**tate
Down to the poor Pedant, that em'lates his
(State,
It glosses their Actions, and gives a Disguise,
The Pr***ce it makes great, and the Pe-
dant makes wise.
The

On several OCCASIONS. 125

(4)

The P * * * * t for his *Ign'rance* finds this a fure
(Cloak ;
In the L * * yer it *gracefully* covers a R * * gue ;
It makes up in *Face*, what the *Quack* wants in
(Skill,
And to *Clyster-pipe* gives ample Licence to
(kill.

(5)

'Tis of singular Service to those too who *trade*
(it ;
It makes them look *wealthy*, and gains them
(good Credit.
'Tis a *Friend* to the *Sloven*, and for indigent
(Wretches
It serves *them* instead of *Coat*, *Wastecoat*, and
(Breeches.

(6)

Ev'n *I* in it's Services reap no small share—
It gives me a right *magisterial* Air.
My *Will* is my *Law*, and mine *Empire* my
(School,
And o'er my young Subjects a *Monarch* I rule.

Modern



Modern Religion.

*In Moderation placing all my Glory ;
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.*
POPE

S A T A N, a subtle Sprite, a brewing
Fresh Mischief, to poor Man's Undoing
To work up one great *Feud eternal*,
Such as might glad th' whole *State infernal*,
Devis'd the Names of *Whig* and *Tory*.

“ *Britains maintain your Party's Glory :*

“ *Fight and fill all with fierce Commotion ;*

“ *For Party-Zeal is pure Devotion ”.*

Thus spake th' *Arch-Fiend*, in *Flames* all bright,
Aping a *Minister of Light*.

'Twas heard ; and strait a *sacred Rage*
Fir'd his fierce *Vot'ries* to engage.

* See *Priests* are fill'd with *holy Malice ;*

And

* This is not design'd to expose the *Sacred Character* of these Reverend Gentlemen (for whom the Author professes the utmost Esteem) but the *shameful Practices* of some only, who are a *Disgrace* to their holy Function, and indeed more expose themselves, than any Thing, the Author has here said, by heading *Factions*, kindling *Animosities*, and exercising such Acts of *Spleen*, as are not very agreeable to that Spirit of *Meekness*, and the Gospel of *Peace*, which they shou'd recommend by their *Lives* as well as *Doctrine*.

On several OCCASIONS. 127

People with *pious Fury* Zealous;
The social Ties of *Neighbour, Friend,*
And *Kindred* now are at an End;
And banish'd is the Name of *Christian*;
That dull, *old-fashion'd* Phrase is p—t on.
No more let Acts of ancient *Martyrs*
Fill the wide World's extremest Quarters.
They for the *Faith* (as *Fame* enrolls)
Stak'd Life; Our *Saints* dare stake their *Souls*.



Epistle



Epistle from the Isle of St. Luke.

To Richard ***** Esq;

Dear Dick,

AS my present Situation has depriv'd me of the Happiness of conversing with thee Tête à Tête (as the *Frenchman* says) instead of using my Tongue I must be content to move my Pen. Thou wilt hardly forgive my long Silence; but I will make thee Amends with a long Epistle. And no Subject (I know) will be more welcome to thee than the Account of our Affairs at this Place; and especially as thy Friend is concern'd in the good or ill Fortune of them. I can take a Liberty with thee, I dare not here; I mean, to paint Things in more lively and humorous Colours: Tho' as an Historian, I engage my self not to violate Truth; as a Subject, I'll not injure Majesty, to which I bear a due Veneration; as a Patriot, I will defend the Honour of my Country. But as I shall not on one Hand conceal Virtue, I will not on the other palliate Vice: Truth alone shall be my Guide. I expect *Dick*, to have my Packet expos'd to thy jocular Friends, to make merry with over a Bottle: I know well thy facetious Humour, thou

thou art a hearty Lover of thy Joke, thy Bottle and thy Friend : I must therefore pre-mise to skreen my self from Censure, that as I have not the Talents requisite for a compleat Historiographer, I draw up this Piece by Way of *Memoirs*. Thou know'st well I'm no great Conjuror in *Geography* and *Astronomy*, so wave all Matters about *Latitude and Line*, and such curious Points, and leave thee to explain to thy *Virtuosos* these Critical *Coin-drums* thy own dear self, and in thy own Way. A Man had better confess his Ignorance with a good Grace, than by a half-witted Pride become the Subject of Raillery and Contempt. What Opinion Others may entertain of Me and my *Memoirs* I little know, and concern my self less. This I am well-assur'd of, that I can securely repose my self in thee, who know'st me well in all Shapes. If this afford thee any Entertainment I shall think my Labours richly repaid, and thy Satisfaction will ever be a solid Pleasure to thy Friend.

To establish some Authority to my historical *Memoirs*, I preface them with the grave Formalities of an old Don, thus :

THE Advantages of History I need not much insist on ; that it opens to us new Worlds, and leads us out into the wide Scenes of Nature, without the great Expence and Trouble of Travel. Let me just observe, that if our

I

young

young Nobility were a little better *travell'd* in History at Home they would reap more Experience, and glean more Wisdom (not to say Virtue) than by being shipp'd away into foreign Countries to freight themselves abroad with Conceit and Ignorance. But to the Matter in Hand.

CAPTAIN *John Frog* and *Francis Quixot* had accompany'd each other to several Parts of the World, and thereby contracted no small Acquaintance, which ripen'd by Degrees into a settled Friendship. The Captain was a true-born *Englishman*, of a jolly portly Size, and a bold hearty affable Disposition, pretty well vers'd in Men and Books. *Quixot* was more reserv'd, an honest plain Man, grave and learned, yet gay and humourous. But what most contributed to endear him to the Captain, who was a great *Mecenas* to the *Muses*, was the Qualification of the Scholar. They had made (as I inform'd you) several Voyages together; but *Quixot*, by his Accounts, was the greater Traveller of the two. He has been (as he affirms) as far as the *World's End*. I must not omit a Relation of his, to this Purpose, which is not a little whimsical. Among other Extravagancies he once protested that he had sailed so far as to be within few Yards of the Moon. *She was just mounted* (I give you his own Words) *from her watry Bed, bright as Venus when she rose*

On several OCCASIONS. 131

rose out of the Sea, deck'd in all her heavenly Charms. The Spots in her Face are so many Patches; for she goes as polite as the finest English Lady. As for what your conceited Astronomers affirm——take it from me (quoth Francis) they are a Pack of conceited Asses, and have more Pride in them by Half than Wit. And your vulgar Notion of a Man and Bush at his Back and green Cheese (added Quixot with some Emotion) 'tis exactly like its Authors, all Stupidity. For I certainly must know, who was so nigh to her, that I could have chuck'd a Loaf down her Throat. All this he affirm'd, nay, ratify'd with an Oath. But I do not impose it upon you, as a Creed; but leave you to believe it as you find your selves dispos'd.

The last Voyage, and which I am to be more particular upon, they made together to the Isle of St. Luke; for the Knowledge of which I refer you to the Maps. This Island is infested by a kind of Savages, who frequently resort hither to forage. The Soil is fertile. This Motive induc'd the Captain to take Possession of it. In order to this he seized upon a Man, Woman, and Girl; and oblig'd them to make Discoveries of the Country. This they did. The Captain found it worth his Pains; transported thither a Colony of hale Youths; and form'd a kind of Government. Among many other useful

Discoveries *Pedro Gutto* (for that was the honest Fellow's Name) shew'd us a remarkable one under Ground. In a certain Cavern, are found some delightful Springs much surpassing your Mineral-waters in Virtue. They are a Sovereign Specifick against the Depression of the *Perieradium*, instantly dispell the *Hypochondriac* Vapours, and effectually cure a Man of the Gripes of the Mind. I mention this, because we account them not the least of those Blessings Nature has conferr'd upon this Island; and Nature has not been sparing of her Favours to us. We are plac'd in a temperate Climate, blest with the rich Bounties of Heaven, govern'd by useful Laws, and undisturb'd by domestic Feuds in Church or State. In one Word, we are crown'd with the Blessings of Plenty and Peace.

BUT now, Friend *Dick*, before I enter upon our Governours let me breathe a little by Way of Epistle. I'll throw by a while the red Coat and Robes of State, and take upon me the easy Character of the Friend. I have given thee a small Sketch of the Course of my Adventures, and the honourable Toils of thy old Friend *Frog*. And what dost think now of our *St. Luke*? Is not our happy Government an Incentive to draw thee hither? But perhaps thou think'st my Memoirs all *Chymera*. I assure thee *Dick* 'tis every Tittle Fact by all the Attestations and
Pro-

Protestations of a Friend. Thou know'st I am a Man of Honour, and scorn to forfeit that sacred Title. I wish I could induce thee to come over to us. I have only my Friend *Quixot*, and a *Heart* or two more to support me under the Loss of thy dear Company. Farewel. I must now resume my Robes of State. I shall continue the same Figure of Speech, and talk of my self in the third Person with the same Freedom I did before.

THE first Monarch that fill'd this Throne was *Frog*. The Captain was now exchange'd for the Governour. He stepp'd up to the imperial Seat with a becoming Majesty, and wielded the Sceptre with a graceful Air. As he sat on the Throne his purple Vest and ruby Face, that was well ripen'd by the Rays of the Sun, made him appear like *Phæbus* himself rising in all his beamy Glories, and spread about him a god-like Lustre. This was look'd upon as an auspicious Omen, was thought to portend the Happiness of the Nation, and fill'd the Hearts of the People with universal Joy. When slow-uprising from his royal Throne he made a gracious Harangue to his Subjects, who follow'd it by thundering Acclamations, and express'd their boisterous Joys by loud Peals from their Lungs. He exhorted them to Amity, assur'd them of his Protection to the last Drop of Life; and that he wou'd make Provision
for.

for their Happiness to future Generations. He acquitted himself with that Solemnity that gives Grace to Majesty, and Sanction to Authority. His Time expir'd (for our Governours reign a certain Period, to prevent Tyranny, which a perpetual Power is apt to kindle in Men's Minds) he nominated his successor, and resign'd to him the Reins of Government.

FRANCIS succeeded and all was chang'd; a new Scene open'd with the new Governour. That Air of Sovereignty that so shone in the late Prince, that so dignify'd Majesty and made it venerable, in this was turn'd into Mockery and Buffoonery. It was like the merry Reign of an *English* Monarch of facetious Memory, all a Scene of Mirth and Jollity; when it might be well said, *Life is a Jest*. It is a just Observation, that the Example of Power fashions the Minds of the Subjects, and the Behaviour of the Court is the Picture of the Nation. So here——for the Governour compos'd Catches and the People sung; like *Nero*, becoming more a Fidler than a Prince. Nay, so much did this humour prevail, that even his late Majesty, so renown'd for his Solemnity, divested himself of his venerable Character, and gravely wrote Farces for the Benefit of Youth. *O Tempora! O Mores!*

QUIXOT

On several OCCASIONS. 135

QUIXOT open'd his Reign with this memorable Speech.

“ My well-beloved, long-ear'd Subjects !

“ WHEN I look round, and survey so
“ goodly a Tribe of Asses, the rising Hopes
“ of a future spreading Progeny, a certain
“ Vanity and secret Pride of Heart springs
“ up in my joyful Breast to see my great little-self the common Father and Head-afs
“ of this illustrious Herd.

“ THE venerable Race of Asses, my
“ Friends, tho' brought into Contempt by the
“ modern Age, is (let me tell you) like the
“ solemn Generation of Owls, of a very ancient Extraction. The Owls (we're inform'd by long History) liv'd in the very
“ Times of the Gods and Goddesses. For
“ their reverend Gravity and Importance of
“ Look, they were held in great Esteem by
“ the wiser *Athenians*, were the great Favourites of *Minerva* and Heaven. And
“ for your Asses, O illustrious Tribe, I could
“ if it were not a needless Task) trace ye
“ up their bright Genealogy as far as your
“ renown'd Great-grand-father, *Balaam's*
“ Ass, who was the first Orator of our glorious Race. But I will only mention one
“ famous in Story, to excite your Emulation, to inspire you with Greatness and a just
“ Value of yourselves. And who is He? No
“ less

" less than *Mid—as*; a Brother-king. Be-
 " hold, O Asses, your Pedigree! To him
 " *Apollo* for his consummate Wisdom was
 " pleas'd to grace with a very ample Pair of
 " Ears, a sure Sign of a solid Skull! Tradi-
 " tion farther informs us, he possess'd Rivers
 " of Gold; for ye, O Asses, are the Favou-
 " rites of *Fortune*.

" THUS, O my Subjects, ye see your
 " Worth. Acquit yourselves worthy your
 " renown'd Race; and be as eminent Asses
 " as your great Predecessors. "

Thus did this Governour discharge his Au-
 thority. He was indeed, a Composition of
 Inconsistencies, a grave Phiz with a ludicrous
 Soul. I must not pass over a famous Prophe-
 cy of Mother *Shipton's*, never yet applicable
 to any earthly Potentate but *Quixot*.

" Shortly shall rise and reign a royal Stem,
 " Himself a Maggot, and his Soul a Whim.
 O rare Mother *Shipton*, sure thou wast en-
 du'd with a prophetic Spirit!

THE next Successor to the Throne was
Islando de Malta. During his Administra-
 tion the State was running to Ruin *Jehu-like*.
 There was a general Depravation and Cor-
 ruption of Manners. This was occasion'd by
 the Ill-conduct of the late Governour; and
 foster'd by the Clemency and Gentleness of
 the present. Satyrick Writings, seditious
 Libels, and lampooning Pamphlets rose e-
 very

very Day, and rent the Government in Pieces with Faction and Discord.

At length *Don Salvo de Medicis* arose, a wise Ruler, and skilful Physician of his People. He observ'd the spreading Contagion of the Body *politic*, and set himself to work to effect its Cure. In order to this he apply'd all proper Medicines. He was endu'd with the miraculous Gift of healing by Touch, and was the first Monarch that exerted it in this Island. He perform'd an Operation upon *John Frog*, then Secretary of State, who was unhappily afflicted with a sad Evil in his Tongue. The Governour in Form undertook his Cure, touch'd him, and heal'd him: He was mightily esteem'd for his wonderful Condescension, Facetiousness, and Skill; and the Expiration of his Power universally regretted.

THE next that climb'd to the Top of State was a famous Lilliputian, *Minimus* by Name; his stature upon a modest Computation thirteen Inches. The Throne being built pretty sublime, his Subjects gave him an helping Hand, and gently buinn'd his little Majesty up. An arch Wag of this Nation ungraciously compar'd him to a Wren in a Rook's Nest. Altho' no *Atlas*, he wonderfully supported the Weight of Government, and manag'd Affairs of State to Admiration, and at length slid down again from the Throne

Throne without Damage. What Wonder on so great an Eminence his Head did not grow giddy, and himself tumble head-long from the Pinnacle of Power. The liveliest Picture of this Governour (said the same wicked Rogue) is to be met with at Mr. *Powel's* Puppet-shew, where you may see Seignior *Punch* mounted aloft on a Hoghead. So extraordinary was the Conduct of this Governour, that he has not a little spread the Fame of the *Lilliputians* and convinc'd the World, *that little Men have great Souls.*

To this *Lilliputian* succeeded a *Brobdingagian*, named *Briareus*. The Greatness of his Parts and Thunder of his Eloquence justly render'd him the Admiration of All. When he utter'd himself from the Throne, his Voice was like the Roaring of a Bull; to which some add, he could eat Half a one at a Meal. His Term expir'd, he descended the Throne with an ample Stride, and resign'd the Power to his no less eminent Successor.

THE next on the Throne appear'd *Death King of Terrors*. The wicked Nation grew from bad to worse, when Death was Commission'd from the infernal Shades to put Mankind in Mind of Mortality. No sooner was he possess'd of the Throne, but he dreadful shook a fatal Dart, he bore in his Hand instead of a Sceptre, and with a wan pale meagre Look, and no less dismal hollow
 Tone,

Tone which seem'd to issue from some subterraneous Vault, he represented the sins of the People, and their unavoidable Fate in Case they did not repent. He gave himself the Name of *Stitcho*. Various are the Opinions of the Learned about the Etymology of it. What first infus'd into us some secret Misgivings, that he was the ghastly tremendous Power of *Death*, was, that he had not, like us Mortals, Flesh and Blood, but was a mere Composition of Skin and Bones. But the Story of *Quixot* put the Matter beyond Dispute, and fully convinc'd us that we were not mistaken. *Quixot* you are to know, is a stanch *Pythagorean*, and believes that the Soul at it's Separation from the Body passes in a constant Series from one Animal to another. I will give you his Account in his own Words. *I have run (quoth Francis) thro' a vast Variety of Beings. I have been an Ass, Ape, Monkey, Owl, Tomtit, Lap-dog, Flea, and—what not? Each Station of Life allotted me as I had acquitted my self well or ill in the last. I was that speaking Horse, celebrated by Homer. I was the cackling Goose that sav'd the Capitol; and I nurs'd in the Wolf the Founders of the Roman State. Thrice have I stood erect on two Legs in humane Shape, and thrice lost that inestimable Priviledge. First I was a Beau, minded Nothing but Dress and Punctilio, represented an Affront, and died in a Duel. I found*
my

my self next strutting in a Peacock with painted Feathers; and bled by the Knife, as I had before done by the Sword: So just is Providence in the Punishment of our Crimes. After several Revolutions, I again animated a humane Body. That scurvy Tenement my Soul was now lodg'd in was strangely addicted to Lust and Pleasures. I soon got the genteel Disease, and soon expir'd under a Salivation; and to my inexpressible Sorrow I found my self next a Hog wallowing in the Mire. I was fatten'd up, kill'd, and eat; and my Soul run the Gauntlet again in a fresh Course of Beings, and met again at last a humane Body. I had then an excellent Talent at sharpening, so died on a String, and transmigrated to a Fox. To make short of my Story (continu'd Francis) I stand once again a Man. Thanks to Heaven! I am endu'd with no vicious Inclinations; and by the Blessing of Providence am plac'd in a fertile Soil, and under an auspicious Government. But what I would infer from all this, is, that as I have all along preserv'd the Memory of Things, I am well qualify'd to know Death. I have so often seen him, (believe me) I am acquainted with every Feature. He is now, I assure you, our Governour. I should know him, if it were but by his Under-jaw. But mum for that——we must make no Words——Behave we well, we have no Occasion to fear him. Here Quixot concluded, and his Observation was very just. He is not
fo

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so dreadful as some imagine. 'Tis only Guilt that trembles at the Sight of him. Otherwise he is a good-natur'd Power. But is he once provok'd by wicked Doings—Heavens defend us! During his Reign (I remember) three roguish Lawers started up, explain'd away the Laws, and set the People together by the Ears.

DEATH strait frown'd horribly a ghastly
(Frown,
And brandish'd dire his Dart—Instant they
(fly,

Nor dare a Quibble more——

At the Expiration of his Office, he laid aside his State, and now stalks a private Man. May he be a *Memento Mori* to our Kingdom and deter us all from the Paths of Vice.

BUT now Dick, 'tis high Time to conclude. I must leave the rest for the subject of some future Epistle. I assure thee I have given thee an impartial Account. If I have bestow'd any Encomiums upon myself, I have as ingenuously confess'd my Faults. For I profess an inviolable Attachment to Truth. Thou may'st think I have scurvily us'd my Friend Quixot. He thinks not so. He perus'd my Epistle, and was highly pleas'd with it. With all his Faults about him I sincerely value him. He sends thee his best good Offices, and presents a Kiss by thee to this
dear

dear S——. Thy worthy Friend *De Medicis*
tenders to thee his hearty Love. And honest
Briareus presents his to Thee and fair E——
Make an honourable Mention of him to her.
I hope thoult be even with me for this tedi-
ous Epistle, and tire me if thou canst with
one twice as long. I am, my dear Friend,
thine,

St. LUKE, *April 1,*

JACK FROG.



The C A T A L O G U E.

WHY *Pastora* still be sung
Lovely, innocent, and young ;
Is she crown'd with lasting Youth ?
Fram'd all Charms, and form'd all Truth ?
Is not *Celia* youthful too ?
Less dear perhaps, but not less true !
Clarinda too shall shine like Heav'n !
Like Heav'ns, an Adoration giv'n !
O *Myrrha* sweet unhappy Fair !
Thy envy'd Fate with Joy I'd share,
My Tomb bedeck'd but with thy Lays ;
Nor shun thy Death to share thy Praise.
But see, those Honours *Dian* gains,
Like *Myrrha* lov'd, like *Myrrha* reigns :
Sweetly

Sweetly their common Fates seem blended,
 One Roof receiv'd, one Verse commended.
 The *God of Love*, exults to trace
 Lost *Myrrha's* charms in *Dian's* Face;
 And O my *Myrrha*! blest he cries——
 And fills his Shafts at *Dian's* Eyes.
 Unerring flies the swift Deceit,
 And *Florio* burns beneath the Cheat.

Polish'd with ev'ry Grace (we own)
 Adorn'd with ev'ry Beauty shone
 Your *Sacharissa*, courtly Fair!
 With *Venus's* Charms, with *Juno's* Air.

But *Fulvia*— a happy Semblance.
 The Ring she gave's a sure Remembrance.
 True she cou'd sing, and Love is blind:
Sappho's her Voice, Complexion, Mind.

Zelissa, well descended Maid,
Love and *Fate* will be obey'd:
 You and I alike must prove
 The sad Extremes of slighted Love.
 Ah both a miss'd Zeal pursue,
 I in Love, Religion You.
 While you an Idol-Saint adore,
 Poor *Celia* owns an Idol-Pow'r.

Thus with past Loves the tuneful Fair
 Sweetly sooth'd my ravish'd Ear.
 My Soul on ev'ry Accent hung;
 Her Lips drop'd Nectar as she sung.
 Then turning to her beauteous Shade,
 (At once a Thousand Charms displaid)
 Pray, which (says she) resolve me this——
 Your

Your *Fulvia* or your *Sachariss*,
 Am I most like? Ah happy ye!
 But *Celia* — now — what Place has she?
 Raptur'd, consummate Maid! I cry'd;
 Thy *Florio's* Joy! thy Sexe's Pride!
 Thou last and best of my Desires!
 Thou Crown of all my am'rous Fires!
 Like *Dian*, fair, without her Scorn;
 Yet as *Zelissa* thou well-born:
 Like *Sacharissa*, graceful, too;
 But like the faithful *Myrrha*, true:
 Thine is *Pastora's* Bloom; and thine,
Clarinda's Face with *Fulvia's* Mind.
 O Fair, form'd more than half divine.
 In Thee their Beauties all combine.
 And I almost in Thee adore
 Those Beauties, lov'd in them before.

F I N I S.



